

FIFTY CENTS *

MAY 23, 1969

TIME

THE NOVEL IS ALIVE
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VLADIMIR
NABOKOV



Rough taste rub you wrong?

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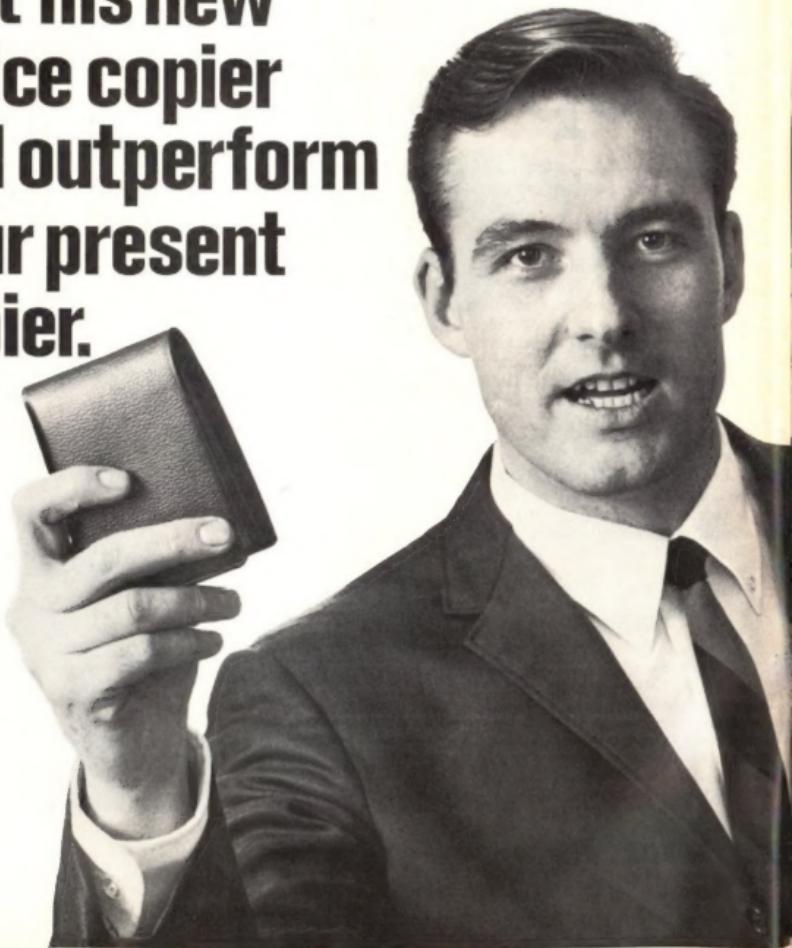
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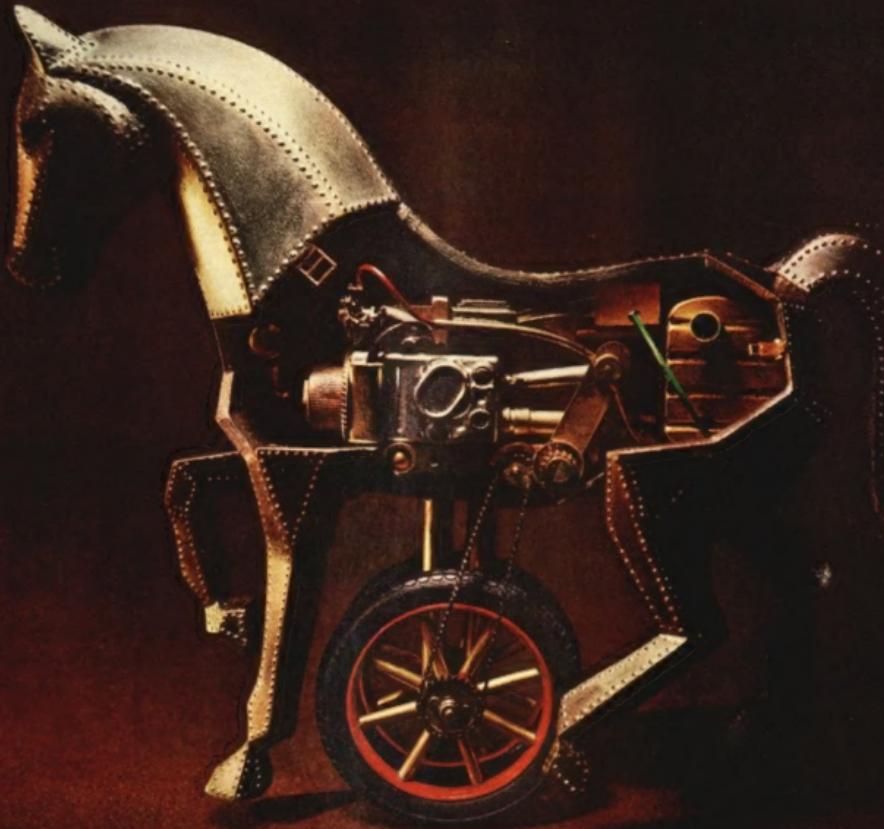
A lot of people don't realize it, but we work with spruce, white pine and hard rock maple just like we do with high carbon steel or titanium. In fact, our woodworking machinery can surface, shape, dado, slot, relish, taper, cut and dovetail anything that has branches. They make



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 21

WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 8:30-11:05 p.m.). Deborah Kerr, as Governess Anna Leonowens, squares off against Yul Brynner in his Oscar-winning performance as Siuan's petulant but engaging monarch in Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The King and I* (1956).

JACK BENNY'S BIRTHDAY SPECIAL (NBC, 10:11 p.m.). Ann-Margret pops out of the cake while Lucille Ball, Lawrence Welk, Dan Blocker, Dennis Day and Jerry Lewis is clown around to make Jack forget he's—you guessed it—39. Repeat.

Thursday, May 22

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). "Let Me Hear You Whisper" might seem a variation on the old frog-princess tale; it's the story of a scrubwoman (Ruth White) who strikes up a friendship with a porpoise, played by a life-size puppet and Puppeteer Bill Baird's voice.

Saturday, May 24

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME OF THE WEEK (NBC, 4 p.m. to conclusion). St. Louis Cardinals v. Los Angeles Dodgers, at Los Angeles.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5:30-6:30 p.m.). World light-heavyweight championship, with Bob Foster v. Andy Kendall, live from Springfield, Mass.

CHARLIE BROWN AND CHARLES SCHULZ (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). Co-Stars Schulz and Brown, live and in animation, with friends and admirers. Astronaut Walter Schirra, the Royal Guardsmen (singing excerpts from *Snoopy and the Red Baron*), Vince Guaraldi (playing his composition *Linus and Lucy*) and Rod McKuen (growing out his theme music from a forthcoming Charlie Brown feature movie).

MISS U.S.A. BEAUTY PAGEANT (CBS, 10:11:30 p.m.). One of the non-events television does so well, this 18th annual competition comes from the Miami Beach Auditorium. June Lockhart is hostess; Bob Barker emcees.

Sunday, May 25

WHITSUNDAY SPECIAL (CBS, 10:11 a.m.). Highlights of Duke Ellington's *Sacred Concert*, featuring the timeless Ellington, his orchestra, four vocalists and three choirs. Repeat.

GUIDELINE (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Hatred and tension between black and white and ways to dispel such troubles are the subjects under discussion on "Race and the Church: A Priest and a Nun."

A.A.U. CHAMPIONSHIP TRACK AND FIELD MEET (CBS, 3-4 p.m.). California relay from Modesto, Calif.

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS WITH LEONARD BERNSTEIN (CBS, 4:30-5:30 p.m.). Bernstein is billing Hector Berlioz's still fascinating *Symphonie Fantastique* as "the first psychadelic symphony in history."

CHILDREN'S THEATER (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Sixty-three young dancers from the Children's Ballet Theater in a new version of Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women*, choreographed by Christine Neubert. The original score is by Robert Maxwell; Geraldine Page narrates.

* All times E.D.T.

TIME, MAY 23, 1969

Monday, May 26

HIGHLIGHTS OF RINGLING BROS. AND BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Top acts, hosted by Arthur Godfrey with his good old horse Goldie. Circus stars include Animal Trainer Gunther Gebel-Williams, the Four Brizton Clown Act, Rogana, the Queen of Balance, the Mickey Antalek Chimps and the Lindstroms, high-wire unicyclists.

THE DICK CAVET SHOW (ABC, 10:11 p.m.). A new prime-time talk and variety series that will broadcast on Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays. Truman Capote, Liza Minelli, James Coburn and Candice Bergen will drop by to help Dick with the première.

Tuesday, May 27

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). Barry Morse, who co-starred in *The Fugitive*, plays scenes made famous by great actors (David Garrick and Henry Irving, to name two) across three centuries. Repeat.

TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9:11 p.m.). The now-classic Beatles frolic through their now-classic first film, *A Hard Day's Night* (1964).

CBS NEWS HOUR: GENERATIONS APART (CBS, 10:11 p.m.). The barriers between generations, as seen by students, S. I. Hayakawa, Margaret Mead, Herbert Marcuse, Sidney Hook and Dr. Benjamin Spock. Part 2 of a series, this segment is called "A Profile of Dissent."

THEATER

On Broadway

HAMLET. Some actors merely occupy the stage, but Nicol Williamson rules it. His nasal voice has the sting of an adder; his furrowed brow is a topography of inconsolable anguish. His *Hamlet* is a seismogram of a soul in shock. It is a Hamlet of spleen and sorrow, of fire and ice, of bantering sensuality, withering sarcasm and soaring intelligence. Williamson cuts through the music of the Shakespearean line to the marrow of its meaning. He spares no contempt for the perfidious king who killed his father, but he saves his rage for the unfeeling gods who, in all true tragedy, make and mangle human destiny. Williamson is, in all, a great, doomed, spine-shivering Hamlet, and anyone who fails to see him during this limited engagement will not look upon his like again.

1776 presents a stereotypical version of the key signs of the Declaration of Independence, together with the sometimes abrasive, sometimes soporific deliberations of the Second Continental Congress. With a practically nonexistent musical score, the show brings the heroic, tempestuous birth of a nation down to a feeble vandevillian jape. One need pay no heed to the fact that it won a Tony award, but some playgoers apparently still do.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM. Woody Allen stars in his own play about a young man who is rejected by girls, even in his fantasies. Though the play does not properly progress along with the evening, Allen's nimble jokes and kooky angle of vision are amusement enough.

FORTY CARATS, with Julie Harris as a middle-aged divorcee woed and won by a lad barely half her age, while her daughter succumbs to a man of 45, enters a plau-



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"When I got my metallurgy degree there were sixty companies with jobs for six of us. I checked out the top ten and picked International Nickel. Why?

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"I spent the first year in research. Then moved on to marketing—Chicago, Hartford, and now New York. Fantastic city.

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—Victor Lange, *The Atlantic*

"The Krupp story is filled with irony, melodrama and horror . . . A powerful and fascinating work . . . Manchester has organized an immense mass of material into a lucid, vivid and absorbing narrative." —Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., *The Literary Guild Magazine*

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LITTLE, BROWN

Photo-Ronald Newman

ALFRIED
KRUPP
1907-1967

sible plea for a single standard of judgment on-age disparity in marriage.

HADRIAN VII. Alec McCowen gives a masterly performance in Peter Uuke's play as the English eccentric Frederick William Rolfe, a rejected candidate for the priesthood who imagines himself elected Pope.

Off Broadway

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY is a black panther of a play, stalking the off-Broadway stage as if it were an urban jungle, snarling and clawing with uninhibited fury at the contemporary fabric of black-white and black-black relationships. If the characters of Playwright Charles Gordone are not quite solidly realized, their sentiments most emphatically are. Gordone is too honest an author to lie about a bright brotherhood tomorrow just over the horizon, but in thunder and in laughter he tells the racial truth of today.

THE MISER. Robert Symonds gives his best performance yet with the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater as the mock hero of Molière's comedy. Skittering about like a bespectacled magpie, his Harpagon is a sprite of the cashbox, a stringy-haired witch of usury. To see him is a pleasure. To see him undone is a delight.

ADAPTATION—NEXT. Two one-actors, both directed with a crisp and zany comic flair by Elaine May. Miss May's own play, *Adaptation*, is the game of life staged like a TV contest. Terrence McNally's *New* features James Coco in a splendid performance as an overage potential draftee.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK. An able interracial cast in a tribute to the late playwright Lorraine Hansberry presents readings from her works—journals, letters and snippets of plays.

DAMES AT SEA, with a talented cast of only six, is a delightful spoof of the movie musicals of the 1930s, with all their intricate dance routines and big, glittering production numbers.

CINEMA

WINNING. Paul Newman portrays a racing driver competing for his honor and the heart of Joanne Woodward in a noisy, disjointed film, in which separate scenes mesh as badly as stripped gears.

THE LOVES OF ISADORA. The distributors of this biography of Dancer Isadora Duncan have severely truncated and distorted a complex and colorful life by cutting over half an hour out of the film. But not even wholesale butchery could diminish Vanessa Redgrave's magnificent performance in the title role.

STOLEN KISSES. This exhilarating film by François Truffaut catches the glow of its director's warm humor and characteristically gentle insights into the benign folly and innocence of adolescence.

THE NIGHT OF THE FOLLOWING DAY. Masquerading as a routine kidnapping melodrama, this is actually an artful thriller directed and co-authored by Hubert Cornfield. Marlon Brando gives his best performance in almost a decade.

MY SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN and **RING OF BRIGHT WATER** are two children's films that do not talk down to their audience. *Mountain* is about a Canadian lad who runs away from home to live in the wilderness, while *Ring* tells the story of a London accountant who adopts an otter.

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS. Larry Peerce is a director with a lamentable sense of style and a laudable way with actors. Although



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his version of Philip Roth's 1959 novella of young love in suburbia sometimes lurches out of control. Richard Benjamin and stunning Newcomer Ali MacGraw save the show with finely shaded performances.

THE FIXER. Bernard Malamud's novel is the source for this resonant essay on individual courage and political morality. The actors—notably Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm—all seem perfect for their roles, and John Frankenheimer's direction is impeccable.

SALESMAN. The Mayles Brothers, with camera and sound equipment in hand, spent six weeks tracking a group of New England Bible salesmen on their weary rounds. The result is a searing, melancholy and not wholly unsympathetic portrait of what the Mayles call "one part of the American dream."

RED BEARD is an Oriental Pilgrim's Progress in which Japan's Akira Kurosawa explores the psychology of an ambitious young doctor so deftly that one man's frailties and strengths add up to a picture of humanity itself.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE LONDON NOVELS OF COLIN McINNIES (CITY OF SPADES, ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS, MR. LOVE AND JUSTICE). Icy observations and poetic perceptions of the back alleys and subcultures in that pungent city on the Thames.

PICTURES OF FIDELMAN, by Bernard Malamud. Yet another *whlemlie*—saint in fiction—but this one is canonized by Malamud's compassionate talent.

THE GUNFIGHTER, by Joseph G. Rosa. A balanced, wide-screen view of the often unbalanced men who infested the Wild West.

THE IMPERFECT SOCIETY, by Milovan Djilas. The author, who has spent years in Yugoslav prisons for deriding the regime, now argues that Communism is disintegrating there and elsewhere as a new class of specialists—technicians, managers, teachers, artists—presses for a more flexible society.

BULLET PARK, by John Cheever. In his usual setting of uncomfortably comfortable suburbia, Cheever stages the struggle of two men—one mild and monogamous, the other tormented and libertine—over the fate of a boy.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE, by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. Through flashbacks to the catastrophic Allied fire-bombing of Dresden in World War II, this agonizing, outrageous, funny and profoundly rueful fable tries to say something about human cruelty and self-protective indifference.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A LIFE STORY, by Carlos Baker. The long-awaited official biography offers the first complete and cohesive account of a gifted, troubled, flamboyant figure who has too often been recollected in fragmentary and partisan memoirs.

THE MILITARY PHILOSOPHERS, by Anthony Powell. The ninth volume in his serial novel, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, expertly conveys Powell's innumerable characters through the futility, boredom and heroism of World War II.

LETTERS FROM ICELAND, by W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice. A minor masterpiece, written in 1936 when two talented, if-

reverent young poets knocked about above the tree line and put time on ice.

URGENT COPY, by Anthony Burgess. In a collection of brilliant short pieces about a long list of literary figures (from Dickens to Dylan Thomas), the author brings many a critical chicken home to roost.

TORREGRECA, by Ann Cornelissen. Full of an orphan's love for her adopted town, the author has turned a documentary of human adversity in southern Italy into the autobiography of a divided heart.

Best Sellers

FICITION

1. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (1 last week)
2. *The Godfather*, Puzo (2)
3. *Sloughhouse-Five*, Vonnegut, (3)
4. *The Salzburg Connection*, MacInnes (7)
5. *The Vines of Yarobee*, Eden (9)
6. *Ado, Nabokov*
7. *Airport*, Hailey (6)
8. *Sunday the Robbi Stayed Home*, Kemelman (8)
9. *The Love Machine*, Susann
10. *Except for Me and Thee*, West (4)

NONFICTION

1. *Ernest Hemingway*, Baker (1)
2. *The 900 Days*, Salisbury (2)
3. *Jennie*, Martin (3)
4. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (5)
5. *Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women*, Craig (6)
6. *The Money Game*, 'Adam Smith' (4)
7. *The Trouble with Lawyers*, Bloom (7)
8. *The Age of Discontinuity*, Drucker
9. *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson*, Goldman (8)
10. *Instant Replay*, Kramer (10)

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So be sure to see the new golden harvest portables at your KitchenAid dealer. (You can find him in the Yellow Pages.) Or write KitchenAid Dishwashers, Dept. 9DQQ-5, The Hobart Mfg. Company, Troy, Ohio 45373.



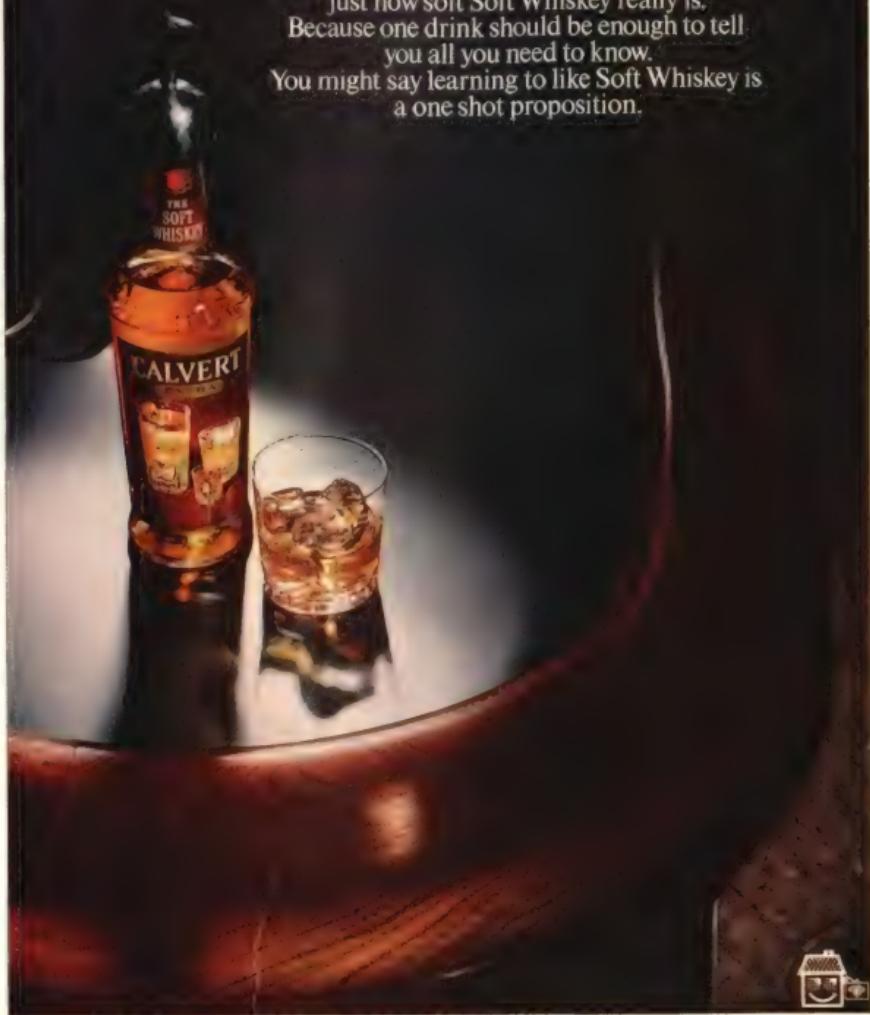
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la Chambre de Commerce de Paris

Paris is a great place to do business in. You'll find any number of organizations to help you do it. Stop by the Chamber of Commerce and Industry of Paris 16, rue de Chateaubriand, the Centre National du Commerce Extérieur, 10, ave d'Iéna, or the American Chamber of Commerce, 21, ave George V, for information on importing and exporting, retailing and wholesaling and anything else a businessman needs. Socialize with your French counterparts, or other visiting

Americans at the Rotary Club de Paris, 11 bis, rue de Presbourg or Cercle de l'Industrie et du Commerce 2, rue de la Chaussee d'Antin.

le "Business lunch"

The expense account meal can be a magnificent thing when you're eating in the haute cuisine capital of

the world. You can land some of your biggest orders by ordering at these top lunch places. Laurent 41, ave Gabriel Relais Gastronomique Paris-Est, first floor of the Gare de l'Est. Or Galopin 44, rue Notre Dame. To grab a quick bite you can't go wrong at L'Attois 11, rue d'Artois or La Boutique a Sandwiches 12, rue de Colisee.

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How do you make a follow-up call in Paris? Two ways. First, the telephone. Paris telephone directories come in two different volumes. One lists individuals' names alphabetically. The other is arranged by streets alphabetized with the last name first (e.g. ave Victor Hugo is listed under V). Messages dropped in special slots are delivered in Paris in less than two hours.

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LETTERS

The War Over Here

Sir: I am perplexed. One year ago the youth of America cried, "Peace!" "Don't let our boys die needlessly in Viet Nam!" "Make love, not war!" Today colleges are virtual battlegrounds. Either we are confronted by a generation of neuretics or we are permitting a few malcontents to disrupt our entire educational system.

Like thousands of other G.I.s, I am looking forward to a college education after my discharge from the Army. More than anyone, I believe, we truly value the chance for self-improvement that a college offers. It would be a shame if we returned to the U.S. only to find piles of rubble where universities once stood.

SP-4 KARL F. MADEO
U.S.A.

A.P.O., San Francisco

Sir: The youthful activists on our campuses are seeing through the hypocrisy of the juxtaposition of "higher learning" and death and war research. Their attack on the expansion of the military may finally bring a review of what this country stands for. If we spent as much time and money on human injustice as we do on war preparation, the blacks might not have to use guns, and students could use the university for its intended purposes. If the taxpayers refuse to support the universities, as you suggest [May 9], then a double loss will be incurred. First, education will be stifled. Second, an important source of protest against the ills we've all been made aware of will be shut off. Right now, the best tax bargain for my money is all that is spent for education at all levels.

WALTER F. SWANSON
Whitewater, Wis.

Sir: What kind of man is Cornell President James Perkins? He wants to negotiate when they spit at him, when he is kicked and robbed. Truly, this is obscene. Is there not a courageous man left in this country, somewhere? I hunger for the sight of a moral man, a man of integrity, principle and reason. But all we meet are squeaking sponges and hardened arteries. Capitulation is called negotiation; absence of all principle, reason. Irrational whim is youthful idealism, the hairy savage—a student with commitment. But the professors and administrators, who have fed and reared the monster by compromise after compromise, make for a spectacle that is even more disgusting.

FLORIAN VON IMHOF, '69
University of Illinois
Chicago

Sir: Hurry for Cornell's James Perkins! If Mr. Perkins had been at Cambridge, Harvard would probably not have known violence and strikes. When will it be realized that the principle, "never budging under pressure," is often not worth the consequences of repression, which invariably only leads to more violence?

KATHLEEN WILCOX

São Paulo, Brazil

Sir: However desirable a department of black studies might be in a culturally chauvinistic sense, it is hard to see why it should be given priority over training for the professions. While a course in Jewish history and culture might have been personally edifying, I fail to see how it would have equipped me to discharge my responsibilities as a psychologist. I have done my share of griping over the obtuseness of professors and the vacuity of courses, but I never challenged the opinions of the faculty. Always in mind was the awareness that I was on campus by qualification, not by inherent right. In short, I went to college to change myself and not the world. In doing so, I achieved freedom from ignorance and a modicum of knowledge. Maybe that was revolt too.

GEORGE LEVY

Canon City, Colo.

No Free Ride

Sir: The article on the Louis Harris poll regarding commitment [May 2] is terrifying, and should make many a friendly country run for cover. It is an invitation to Communist pressure throughout the world. Anyone who has experience in leadership knows that there is a price for leadership. Anyone who lives with the benefits of an affluent society should know that there is a price for affluence. There is really no free ride in life.

We must be prepared to meet with force, if necessary, those who seek to take away our liberty and our advantages. We must continue to pray that they will not try to do it by physical aggression.

K. L. SHIRK JR.
Chairman

Republican Committee of
Lancaster County
Lancaster, Pa.

Sir: I would be most interested in learning which of the countries named in the TIME-Harris poll would, in fact, defend the U.S. or aid in some way if we were to have an attack from China or Russia?

HOLLY J. MEYER

Rockford, Ill.

Judas Goat

Sir: Anent the nameless "Jewish leader" who angrily warned Secretary of State William Rogers, "Don't think you can get our support, Mr. Secretary, for any kind of imposed settlement now being cooked up [for the Middle East] [May 9]. Just who designated this person as spokesman for the American Jewish community, whose supporters he dares threaten to withhold from the legally constituted representative of the American people, charged with the conduct of our foreign relations?"

European Jews suffered the holocaust in intensified aggravation because of the chutzpah of such self-appointed *Ge-meine Führers*. In fact, such self-anciented Jewish leaders "negotiated" countless numbers of (mis)represented Jews right into the crematoria.

This alleged spokesman speaks not for me nor for the several millions of other American Jews. The vast majority of the American Jewish community has not opted for "Jewish leadership" to represent them before our own American government officials.

As Americans, in the historic traditions of this country, we avow Israel as a sovereign power in the family of nations, which sovereignty therefore must safeguard its own national interest on behalf of its citizens. America similarly as a sovereign power must also freely do likewise, unfettered in its foreign policy by pressures from communal minorities of Arab or Israeli ethnic sympathies, or motivated by empathy with their respective coreligionists.

SAUL E. JOFTES
Former Director-General
Office of International Affairs
B'nai B'rith
Lake Barcroft
Falls Church, Va.

Another Occupation

Sir: You say, "Except for Berlin, Okinawa stands as the last occupied territory of World War II" [May 9].

May I remind you of the Russian occupation of the southern half of Sakhalin Island (north of Japan) and the Kuril Islands (northeast of Japan)? These territories, formerly owned and populated by Japan, are now exclusively occupied by the Soviet Union. Japanese fishing boats that stray too close to these islands are often seized or fired upon. To the best of my knowledge, both areas are sealed off from normal tourist or business travelers.

And what about Russian troops still stationed in Hungary? Perhaps you could say Soviet divisions in East Germany, Poland or Czechoslovakia are part of the Warsaw Pact defense system—but Hungary is far removed from the East-West invasion routes, yet Soviet troops remain there unchallenged and unquestioned.

JOHN LAMOUR

Monroe, Mich.

Weight on the Scales

Sir: I would like to answer the critics of defense spending and ABM funding [May 2] with a quote from *Vom Kriege* by Karl von Clausewitz.

"Woe to the cabinet which, with a policy of half measures and a fettered military system, comes upon an adversary who, like the rude element [of war], knows no other law than that of his intrinsic strength. Every deficiency in activity and effort is then a weight on the scales in favor of the enemy. Then it is not so easy to change from the fencing posture

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T/Sgt. JAMES J. HARKINS
U.S.A.F.

A.P.O., New York

Performance Rating

Sir: You have very aptly reported on the great loss the death of President Barrientos means to Bolivia [May 9].

I do take exception to your qualification of Bolivia's army as "ineffective." If effectiveness is the capacity to perform specific tasks, it is well to remember that the Bolivian army successfully and speedily dealt with the guerrillas organized by the infamous Che Guevara, who was considered, together with Chairman Mao and General Giap, the supreme specialist in that kind of warfare. If the U.S. Army, with its fantastically superior might, had been proportionately as successful in dealing with the Communist threat in Southeast Asia, I am sure you wouldn't have thought of calling it ineffectual.

EDMOND LEMAITRE

Santiago, Chile

Numbers Game?

Sir: In the article "The Global Glut" [May 9], you say that "agricultural technology has shown that the Malthusian apocalypse of starvation can be avoided."

It is true that agricultural technology has created some local surplus in products, and possibly this technological boom is a temporary solution to worldwide starvation; but we are playing the numbers game. At the current rate of increase,

the world population will double in the next 35 years. Even assuming that we can support unchecked population growth for the next 260 years (400 billion people), the idea of regimentation, loss of personal freedom and destruction of the natural environment is a ghastly prospect.

The only way to progress toward a solution of the starvation problem is to feed only people who can help themselves. Each time we rush to counteract a famine, kill disease-carrying mosquitoes or build hospitals in a backward country we aggravate their own problem.

RICHARD T. HAARD

Assistant Professor of Biology
Western Washington State College
Bellingham, Wash.

Eye for an Eye

Sir: I have just read the unbelievable fantasy about the Cultural Mafia's study of Afro-American culture [May 9]. I am a student at Barnard College majoring in linguistics, and I am black. I have spent time in Nigeria, Ghana and Senegal in West Africa. I also have traveled the Caribbean and all parts of the U.S. I was positively revolted by the claim this group made about black laughter, black eating habits, aversion of eyes and more than anything else teaching ghetto students in incorrect language so they will "understand."

Every individual I have seen in my life has his own unique laugh that has nothing to do with cultural background. There is no such thing as black eating habits. Eating habits of any particular family depend on occupation. Field workers who work sunup to sundown would keep a pot simmering on the stove so that they

could dash in and grab a bite and dash back out to work again. But it is definitely a ritual among black people to sit down with their families and eat, and for children there are even punishments for being late to dinner.

Talking loudly has not got one thing to do with being black. People talk loudly because they want attention and almost all children go through a loud-talking stage. Any large group together in public tends to talk loudly. Eye aversion is not a black trait either. The Cultural Mafia certainly must not have talked to any young black militants because they will definitely give you an eye for an eye — no pun intended. Eye rolling is too ridiculous to comment on.

But most important, if people are not taught in correct language, they will never know what is correct, and communication with the white world will be broken down forever.

(MRS.) BARBARA C. LADD

The Bronx

Let's Spike the Bike

Sir: I was particularly intrigued by the article that told of the Army's use of Hondas in Viet Nam [May 2]. It creates quite a paradox. I'm 20, and I am wondering what my fellow students will do to the Honda makers to retaliate. Do you think that there will be boycotts of their products, or revolts on campuses when Honda recruiters come to ask would-be graduates to join their establishment? Just think, the new version of Dow chemicals: Honda motorcycles!

AL PACER

Chicago



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

May 23, 1969 Vol. 93, No. 21

THE NATION

NIXON'S CONTRACT FOR PEACE

THE plan yielded little drama and few new answers, but it made nearly all the old questions negotiable. It provided a cautious one-year timetable for ending the Viet Nam war, but assured Americans that no one expected their "unlimited patience" in bringing an end to the longest war in U.S. history. Almost every careful statement became a suit for good faith from two wary audiences: the Communist leadership in Viet Nam and the U.S. public. Between them—and under intense pressure from both—stood Richard Nixon. Last week he addressed those two groups in his first comprehensive statement on the war since taking office. The speech may well prove a turning point in the tortuous quest for a settlement; it showed how far the U.S.—and the Administration—had moved toward a willingness to compromise. In a sense, Johnson's war had now formally become Nixon's war. But if the President's plan ultimately succeeds, the peace will also be Nixon's peace.

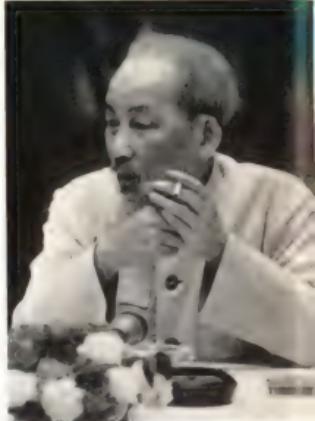
Businesslike Condor. Like all opening bidders, the President offered only part of what he may eventually find necessary to put up. Even so, given its conciliatory tone and highly flexible sub-

stance, the Nixon plan had an almost immediate effect on the Paris peace talks. After formally presenting the message to Communist negotiators at week's end, Henry Cabot Lodge could make the optimistic announcement that, despite initial criticism, the other side gave "every indication" of willingness to bargain on Washington's proposals. In a still more heartening move, North Vietnamese negotiators agreed to meet secretly with the U.S. prior to this week's session. At the very least, when faced off against the Hanoi-National Liberation Front's ten-point plan presented the week before, Nixon's proposals define a workable middle ground and provide both sides with their first solid basis for negotiations.

The effect at home was also encouraging to the Administration. Nixon realized that, sooner or later, the onus of his predecessor's war would have to become his burden. He is determined to avoid the loss of confidence that brought Lyndon Johnson down, and which, if duplicated now, would turn the U.S. bargaining position into dust. His tone of businesslike candor, as well as what he said, bought him at least some time.

Congress, where the quiescent antiwar

CHARLES BONNEY—BLACKSTAR



HO CHI MINH

Points of concession in the package.

forces had begun to attack again, was impressed with Nixon's flexibility. Senator Jacob Javits, who the week before had angrily dismissed Nixon's earlier policy as "sterile," called the new statement "a real step on the road to peace." Even Senate Foreign Relations Chairman William Fulbright called it "conciliatory on the whole," though he quickly added that "I would go further." A few unappeasable doves, of course, were unmoved by Nixon's failure to "limit the level of violence" in Viet Nam by unilaterally withdrawing troops. Said Senator George McGovern: "We continue to speak the rhetoric of peace while executing the actions of war."

Propitious Movement. Pressure for some kind of unilateral action will likely surface again, and the President may yet accede to it. The White House already has a secret timetable for a one-sided reduction of forces, and Nixon seemed to be heading in that direction when he said: "The time is approaching when South Vietnamese forces will be able to take over some of the fighting fronts now being manned by Americans." The Administration has previously said that three conditions are necessary for a unilateral withdrawal: progress in Paris, a reduced level of fighting, and an improvement in the defensive capabilities of the South Vietnamese. In truth, any one, or even the appearance of any one of these conditions might induce Nixon to take a welcome unilateral step.

The speech was no sudden inspiration. Nixon had been planning a major pronouncement for nearly two months, and had ordered National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger to begin drafting it a week before the new Communist formulation arrived in Paris. That package, which seemed to contain several points of concession, had little effect on the content of Nixon's presentation, but it de-



PRESIDENT NIXON WITH GENERAL ABRAMS AT WHITE HOUSE
A suit for good faith in every careful statement.

cided him on form and timing. "He was going to hold the speech in his pocket for a propitious moment," said one assistant. "When the V.C. came along, that was the propitious moment." Originally contemplating a more casual press conference delivery, Nixon instead arranged for prime TV time. There was a sense of old-time Johnsonian motion as supporting actors winged around the globe: General Creighton Abrams from Saigon to Washington, Secretary of State William Rogers from Washington to confer with South Vietnamese officials in Saigon, Ambassador Lodge from Paris to Washington.

Confrontation's Test. The President penciled changes in the speech almost up to the moment when he walked into the White House theater to deliver it. He prefaced his peace plan with a defense of continued U.S. presence in South Viet Nam and a restatement of the nation's goals there. Referring to his inaugural pledge to move the nation from "an era of confrontation" to an era of negotiation," the President maintained that the U.S. must demonstrate, "at the point at which confrontation is being tested," that confrontation itself is profitless. As for what the U.S. seeks in South Viet Nam,

Nixon said simply: "The opportunity for the South Vietnamese people to determine their own political future."

New Ground. Though not enumerated in the speech, the proposals divided neatly into eight steps, and White House advisers immediately began billing them as an eight-point plan, thus entering Nixon in the Great Peace-Point Derby.* In the heart of his speech, the President used almost contractual prose

* Besides the N.L.F.'s ten-point plan, the Paris talks have on the table a six-point proposal from Saigon and a four-point plan from Hanoi.

Behind the Points in Paris

NOW that all sides in Viet Nam seem willing to relinquish rhetorical pronouncements for real bargaining, the distances separating the adversaries on specific issues can begin to be measured. There is no substantial gap—in principle at least—on a number of items. On others, grave differences and difficulties remain.

The U.S. and the Communists agree to respect the territorial integrity of Laos and Cambodia. They are willing to negotiate a prisoner exchange. Both say that the entire political spectrum of South Viet Nam must be eligible for representation in its government. The U.S. insisted for years that the National Liberation Front be excluded, but Washington has since surrendered that position. Use of an international supervisory group to help carry out peace terms is recommended by both sides, for different purposes. Hanoi still proposes the reunification of North and South, less adamantly than it used to, and the U.S. now accepts the possibility—although the means to bring that about remain vague for now. Last week, reversing a long-held stand, President Nixon conceded that the U.S. would be willing to participate in discussions of political questions between the N.L.F. and the Saigon government. Previously, the U.S. had sought to negotiate only military matters, and only with North Viet Nam, while South Vietnamese alone dealt with internal questions.

Because the same word means different things to each side, agreement can be more apparent than real. Both sides talk about a "neutral" South Viet Nam, for instance. To the Communists, this may mean the exclusion from government of any element that fought them. "Democracy" has different definitions for Asians and Americans, for Communists and non-Communists.

Genuine differences exist over the key question of withdrawal of non-South Vietnamese forces. The N.L.F. and Hanoi demand unconditional evacuation of U.S. and allied troops with international supervision of the exodus. Washington wants joint withdrawal of U.S. allied and North Vietnamese troops with outside monitoring. While the N.L.F. tacitly acknowledges the presence of North Vietnamese forces south of the DMZ, the latest Communist plan merely proposes that the matter of "Vietnamese" military forces in South Viet Nam should be negotiated "by the Vietnamese parties among themselves." The N.L.F. hinted, however, that it might be willing to ask North Vietnamese troops to withdraw from South Viet Nam if the U.S. pulls out at the same time.

Richard Nixon could agree to this if means existed to assure compliance. He changed the position set out after Lyndon Johnson's October, 1966 meeting with Asian leaders; the Manila communiqué ruled out allied withdrawals before "the level of violence subsides," and declared

that those troops would be fully evacuated within six months after the North Vietnamese had left. Once both sides agreed, said Nixon, the majority of "non-South Vietnamese forces"—a delicate location that takes in the North Vietnamese without pointing the propagandist's finger at them—would be withdrawn from South Viet Nam over a twelve-month period. Thereafter, the remaining non-South Vietnamese forces would withdraw into enclaves, cease fighting and eventually quit the country entirely.

The other major disagreement is over future elections in South Viet Nam. Before they are held, the N.L.F. wants a provisional government established, including the N.L.F. While Nixon did not agree outright, the U.S. no longer insists that the present Saigon government should run the national elections. Nixon said the elections would be conducted under "agreed procedures"—thus making those procedures negotiable for the first time.

Further, something resembling the provisional government asked by the N.L.F. is not ruled out. Nixon proposed international supervision of the interim elections, but did not insist on it. In any case, a caretaker government could be formed that would not be dominated either by the present regime's generals or by the N.L.F. In Saigon and in exile, there are many intellectuals and former officials committed to neither. General Duong Van Minh could well head such a transition regime; it was "Big" Minh who led the 1963 coup against President Ngo Dinh Diem. Onetime Economics Minister Truong Au Thanh, ruled out of the 1967 presidential elections for supposed N.L.F. sympathies, would be a likely participant; so would Truong Dinh Dzu, a peace candidate who ran second in those elections to President Nguyen Van Thieu and was jailed for his views.

The elections question has proved one of the most enduring and misunderstood problems of the war. As far back as 1954, when the French-Viet Minh war was settled at Geneva, it was generally understood that balloting would be held in both North and South Viet Nam to construct a single government for the two zones, which would then reunite. That never happened. Now all parties pledge to respect the 1954 accords—yet no one realistically expects the Ho Chi Minh regime to permit open elections in the North. Joint elections are not even seriously discussed. Even the broader principles of the Geneva Declaration, which pledged to the Vietnamese people the right to "the fundamental freedoms, guaranteed by democratic institutions," are subject to reinterpretation as the balance of political and military power shifts. Now the negotiators must translate those principles into concrete terms appropriate to the realities of the 1970s.

that Lawyer Nixon knows well. As a first step, he proposed agreement on mutual U.S., allied and North Vietnamese troop withdrawals. This would be followed, gradually and each time under new agreement, by creation of an "international supervisory body" that would verify troop pullbacks, arrange a final cease-fire and oversee national elections. Many of Nixon's items had been offered earlier at the negotiating table, or hinted at privately, even during the Johnson Administration. But never before had they been put together so clearly or publicly. So far as official U.S. policy is concerned, it broke ground in three important places: the proposals for mutual troop withdrawals, the willingness to bargain on both political and military questions, and the idea of an international supervisory body.

Nowhere was Nixon more candid than in fixing responsibility. "In my campaign for the presidency, I pledged to end this war in a way that would increase our chances to win a true and lasting peace in Viet Nam, in the Pacific and in the world," he said. "I am determined to keep that pledge. If I fail to do so, I expect the American people to hold me accountable for that failure."

Official Anathema. One of the most reassuring things about the speech was the fact that South Viet Nam's leadership, which has balked before at certain U.S. conciliation moves, approved of every major point. President Thieu, in fact, read a final draft of the speech and objected to nothing—including the possibility of holding elections before the constitutionally scheduled date, and U.S. willingness to allow the neutralization of South Viet Nam. Neutralization, which many Saigon politicians fear will lead to takeover by the North, remains officially anathema in South Viet Nam; at least one politician is still in jail for having advocated it as a solution of the war. However, Thieu evidently felt that Nixon's proviso—"if that is what the South Vietnamese people freely choose"—was both fair and safe. At week's end, while receiving Rogers, he requested a meeting with Nixon, perhaps to ask for further assurances. Mostly, however, Nixon's boast that he had ended the crisis of confidence between Saigon and Washington seemed justified.

Despite the hopeful signs, the thought of a permanent settlement seemed like wishful thinking in Saigon last week. North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces unleashed their most widespread attack on the South—but not the heaviest—since the infamous *Tet* offensive of 1968. From U.S. military bases to provincial cities to the psychological payoff target of Saigon, rocket shells and terrorist bombs exploded with deadly frequency. They were followed, especially at U.S. outposts and forward bases, by ground assaults that forced many units into close combat. As a result, the American death toll for each of the past two weeks rose above 300 for the first time in nearly two months

—which is precisely where headline-conscious Communist strategists would like to keep it.

Birthday Windup. Just what the intense countrywide attacks meant remained unclear. But the depressing sameness of the fighting does not necessarily negate the changed mood in Paris. Both sides, having buttressed their own claims of good faith with fresh proposals, are now engaged in a cautious perusal of the other's new statements. Those readings will probably result in a delay before any progress can be made in Paris, because it normally takes the Communists weeks or even longer to formulate official reaction. After that, unless the Communists take the unlikely step of rejecting Nixon's entire plan out of hand, the Paris negotiations could finally begin a steady acceleration.



AMBASSADOR LODGE IN PARIS
Deadly red-letter days.

THE DRAFT

Luck v. the Calendar

While groping for peace, Richard Nixon still faces the grim business of managing war. Last week he sought to humanize the machinery by which his soldiers are conscripted. "The present draft arrangements," he said in a message to Congress, "make it extremely difficult for most young people to plan intelligently as they make some of the most important decisions of their lives, decisions concerning education, career, marriage and family."

The President asked for reforms that would replace an inflexible calendar with random chance. The plan, based on a lottery principle, would start with the youngest eligible men rather than with the oldest, as at present. Men are now li-

able for induction between the ages of 19 and 26. The new system would reduce the seven-year twitch to one. Among men of roughly the same age, the iron rule of oldest first, even if the difference is only a few days, would be removed.

Scrambled Year. The government would establish a "prime age group" of 19-year-olds and draw from its ranks. Birth dates would determine the order of priority, but they would be arranged randomly instead of chronologically. A "Selective Service year" would be constructed annually. It could begin with any date, say Oct. 17, followed by other *ad hoc* choices: Jan. 4, July 20, April 27 and so on. The 365 dates would probably be drawn from a fishbowl, as were the numbers of the first draftees in World War II. Young men born on the first date in the scrambled year would be the first to face induction.

If a man knew that his birth date fell in the latter half of the sequence, he could pretty well forget about military service at present draft levels because only about half of the potential 600,000-man pool would be taken. If he made it through his 19th year without being drafted, he would be free unless a national emergency occurred that exhausted the supply of 19-year-olds.

The proposal would retain undergraduate college deferments, a "wise national investment" in Nixon's view. A student would be draft-proof until he graduated or left school. Then he would go into the prime age group for a year as if he were still 19.

Rivers' Role. The proposals were hardly original with the Nixon Administration. Lyndon Johnson put forward a similar plan, and several bills in Congress have the same general goals. The obstacle has been the House Armed Services Committee and its chairman, Mendel Rivers of South Carolina. Rivers fears that most draft-reform plans are the first step toward centralizing Selective Service and reducing the autonomy of the nation's 4,000 local draft boards. However, he now professes to have an open mind, and his conversion could be crucial. The reforms have a good chance of making it through the Senate.

Should the bill become law, it will still leave many draft critics unsatisfied. It fails to deal with such questions as conscientious objection and the inconsistencies among local boards in awarding deferments. Nixon promised to have Hershey and the National Security Council study the remaining problems, with new recommendations due Dec. 1. At the same time, Nixon maintains his position that the best way to reform the 29-year-old draft is to eliminate it altogether. Ways to redeem Nixon's campaign pledge to seek an all-volunteer Army are under consideration by an advisory committee. So radical a change will be a long time in coming, and certainly nothing can be done until the Viet Nam war ends. The most that can be expected meanwhile is patchwork.

JUDGMENT ON A JUSTICE

Each of us is a member of an organized society. Each of us benefits from its existence and its order. And each of us must be ready, like Socrates, to accept the verdict of its institutions if we violate their mandate and our challenge is not vindicated.

In a sense, Abe Fortas prejudged himself last year in that characteristically pithy statement on civil disobedience. Last week, having violated society's mandate, Fortas reluctantly accepted its verdict by resigning from the U.S. Supreme Court. He thus became the only man in the history of the Republic to be forced from the high bench.

Fortas really had little choice: he had either to resign or to face almost certain impeachment by the House of Representatives. Though he attempted to dismiss his financial dealings with the Wolfson Family Foundation as routine and blameless, the pressure from both Congress and the Nixon Administration became severe and finally intolerable. Fortas decided to resign, he said, as soon as he realized that the furor surrounding him—and the court—could not otherwise subside. "Hell," he said piously, "I feel there wasn't any choice for a man of conscience."

Tense Exchange. "There has been no wrongdoing on my part," he insisted in a written explanation to Chief Justice Earl Warren. "There has been no default in the performance of my judicial duties in accordance with the high standards of the office I hold." He sent a copy to President Nixon, along with a two-sentence letter of resignation. The reply from the White House, which clearly welcomed just such an outcome, was equally terse: "I have received your letter of resignation," wrote Nixon, "and I accept it, effective as of its date."

Neither message more than hinted at the tension that had hung over the Capitol for eleven days. The relief in Washington was audible. New York's Representative Emanuel Celler, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, which would have initiated impeachment, said that he felt "like a woman who has just been delivered of a baby." While the possibility of continued investigation remained, Celler, like many others in Washington, wanted to see the case closed. He called the Fortas case "a Greek tragedy"—and again many in the Capital agreed.

Lifetime Income. In the end, practically no one could be found to speak up to excuse conduct that was, at very best, grossly improper. "He has not com-

BON NIDER



MITCHELL

Options circumscribed.

Fortas denied interceding for Wolfson with any Government agency, he did admit to receiving from Wolfson letters about the financier's business problems. At week's end, it was revealed that the Justice Department had subpoenaed the letters from Wolfson and his foundation.

The Justice compounded his own troubles—and the furor in Congress—by brushing off LIFE's original disclosure of the Wolfson link with a preliminary statement that omitted so much that it was almost a falsehood. It was not until the FBI had quizzed Wolfson in prison—using the power of a grand jury to force his testimony and to give him immunity from prosecution in connection with it—that Fortas wrote a fuller statement, along with his resignation.

Jail Interview. Almost no one, least of all those in the Nixon Administration, wanted to see the impeachment carried out. It would have poisoned the atmosphere in Washington and reflected unfavorably on the entire Government. More practically, it would also have monopolized the time of both houses of Congress for weeks and even months. Nixon cautioned Republicans in Congress against hasty action, and G.O.P. Congressional Leaders Gerald Ford and Everett Dirksen passed the word.

Not that the Nixon men lacked eagerness for the kill. They simply wanted to do the job bloodlessly, or at least to make sure that Fortas' was the only blood spilled. As the LIFE story was being prepared, Will Wilson, Assistant Attorney General for the criminal division, had personally begun an investigation of the Fortas-Wolfson relationship. His findings were presented to Chief Justice Warren by Attorney General John Mitchell. The next day the Justice Department dispatched agents to quiz Wolfson in his cell at the federal prison camp in Eglin, Fla.; the material they wanted was in hand. Among other things, Wolfson believed that Fortas was



FORTAS
Paradoxes abounded.

mitted the ultimate evil of taking a bribe," said Stanford Law Professor Gerald Gunther. "But that misses the point. There is a question about the appearance of virtue on the court." In fact, Fortas' action had been even more ill-judged than was at first realized. Not only had he received \$20,000 from Louis Wolfson's foundation in 1966—not giving it back until eleven months later, after Wolfson had been indicted for defrauding stockholders—but he had also agreed to accept \$20,000 a year for life. The payments were to go to his wife Carolyn, also a lawyer, if she survived him. The services he or his widow were to perform were spelled out only vaguely in his case. He had intended, he told Warren, to "help shape" the program and activities of the foundation, whose stated aim was to further racial and religious harmony. There was no explanation of Mrs. Fortas' role. While



CELLER
Baby delivered.

going to intercede for him with the Securities and Exchange Commission.

While Fortas delayed, pressure built up in Congress, and even Fortas' staunchest friends deserted him. Chairman Celler quietly ordered his Judiciary Committee staff to begin preparing articles of impeachment. With the agreement of House leaders, he and William McCulloch, the ranking Republican on the committee, talked with Mitchell. Though no one would say what Mitchell disclosed, his evidence was apparently convincing. "We got a vast amount of information," Celler told TIME Correspondent Neil MacNeil. "The Attorney General unfolded the whole story. It clinched the matter. It necessitated that the Judiciary Committee take some action unless Fortas resigned."

Violin Consolation. Finally aware of the forces arrayed against him, the Justice obliged. More than his own rep-

ortas to resign. Still, objections paled before Fortas' admitted and gross indiscretion. In any case, regardless of the Administration's role, Congress would doubtless have met its constitutional responsibility to police the judiciary.

Even without impeachment, the case was certainly tragic. One of the most gifted lawyers of his generation, Fortas in 43 months on the bench had already proved himself an asset to a court that has often been faulted for its unlawlike decisions. Though he had been prevented last year from becoming Chief Justice by congressional opposition—an obstruction that nearly everyone now views as providential—he nevertheless might have become an ever greater influence on the court and country.

Mysteries and paradoxes in the case abounded, but one of the most puzzling aspects was Fortas' concern for what, by his standards, was a relatively

one Johnson intimate remembered, "who was most responsible for Johnson's never answering criticism. 'Leave it alone,' he'd say. 'Don't dignify it.'"

With Fortas' resignation and the retirement next month of Chief Justice Warren, Nixon will have an unprecedented opportunity to change the court in the first six months of his presidency. At the same time, the near-impeachment has circumscribed his own options, probably ruling out anyone, like Attorney General Mitchell, who could be tagged, as Fortas was, the President's "crony." It is more likely now that Nixon will look to the lower courts or to the law schools, where he could find distinguished, nonpartisan professors. For Chief Justice, he might elevate someone already on the Supreme Court. Associate Justice Potter Stewart, an Eisenhower appointee, is considered a sound, noncontroversial choice for the spot. Somewhat to the right of center, Stewart has a solid, if not brilliant reputation. The two new openings might be filled by Henry Friendly, a judge on the 2nd U.S. Court of Appeals, Harvard's Paul Freund, noted civil libertarian and authority on the Supreme Court, or Warren Burger, formerly an Eisenhower Assistant Attorney General and now a judge on the District of Columbia's Court of Appeals.

The New Men. Whoever they are, the new men will probably be more conservative than either Fortas or Warren, who were in close agreement on most issues. Still, conservative critics who expect a turnaround in decisions are almost certain to be disappointed. For one thing, the major decisions of the Warren Court are largely irreversible, already part of the social fabric. For another, the court almost always changes at a pace that can only be called glacial. Innovations usually proceed by decision, year by year.

What change there is can usually be measured only by degree. If the new appointees are in fact conservative, their effect will probably be only to slow legal innovation. It is far from certain that Nixon, even if he tried, could swing the court in the direction he wanted. Justices often disappoint Presidents. "You shoot an arrow into a far-distant future when you appoint a Justice," says Yale Law Professor Alexander Bickel. "And not the man himself can tell you what he will think about some of the problems that he will face."

One change may be a more watchful executive and Congress. As a result of the Fortas affair, congressional demands have arisen for curbs on outside activities by Justices and full disclosure of incomes. The Senate will almost certainly give greater scrutiny, for a while at least, to presidential appointments to the high court. That is probably all to the good, but the Justices may also find themselves under personal attack for unpopular decisions. The long-range result of the Fortas case could be a more vulnerable judiciary.



utation worried him, he said. The court's prestige and independence were also endangered. He might have added that even if he had survived impeachment, his own position as a Justice would have been untenable. As it is, the Justice Department is continuing its investigation of his affairs. (Mrs. Fortas believed that the phone in their Georgetown home was being tapped.) For the moment, at least, Fortas, like everyone else, seemed vastly relieved. The day after he resigned, he consoled himself with his violin and the soothing elegance of Mozart and Haydn.

As self-serving as his comments may have been, Fortas accurately believed that a battle would have damaged the balance of the three branches of Government. Some in Washington already believed that the Administration had pushed too hard to dislodge Fortas. Philip Kurland, a Supreme Court scholar at the University of Chicago, suspected a "planned operation to dump him." Tennessee's Democratic Senator Albert Gore called for a congressional investigation to determine if the Republicans had used unreleased information to force

small sum of money. Until he went on the bench, he grossed well over \$100,000 a year; some estimates go as high as \$250,000. His wife, a noted tax lawyer in his old firm of Arnold and Porter, still makes more than \$100,000. They lived exceedingly well, but Fortas has also in the past freely donated his expensive time and talent to causes and people he believed in. As it happens, the recent pay raise for Supreme Court Justices was exactly \$20,500—\$500 more than Wolfson offered.

Beyond Fortas' personal agony, some saw in him the pathetic symbol of the Johnson years—that perhaps he was even representative of the old liberals that began with the New Deal. Motivated by unquestioned humanitarian ideals, many such men nevertheless grew so accustomed over 30 years to power and influence—and the material goods both brought—that they believed they could do no wrong. Lyndon Johnson's self-righteous dismissal of his critics was not so very different from Abe Fortas' arrogant assumption that he had done nothing wrong in dealing with a man like Wolfson. "Fortas was the guy,"

MISSISSIPPI

Pledges of Love and Unity

Fayette, Miss., a racially mixed community of 1,700, pays its mayor \$75 a month and had allowed one white man to enjoy the sweets of office for 18 years. R. J. Allen, 74, might have remained in power until nature took its inevitable course. Like blacks elsewhere in the state, however, Fayette's Negro majority yearned to translate their votes into political power. Last week, in a Democratic primary contest that was tantamount to election, they made Civil Rights Leader Charles Evers the first black mayor of a Mississippi town since Reconstruction.

Evers, who took over his brother Medgar's job after the N.A.A.C.P. field director was assassinated in 1963, attracted help from all over. Paul O'Dwyer, a losing liberal Democratic candidate from New York for the U.S. Senate in 1968, and Earl Graves, once an administrative assistant to Robert Kennedy, came down to campaign. Ethel Kennedy pledged support. Telegrams came from Senator Edward Kennedy and Los Angeles Mayoral Candidate Tom Bradley. There were also slogans minted by a Manhattan advertising agency and mimeographed press releases that smacked of big-city flattery. A platoon of student volunteers did electoral leg work. The result: a count of 386 votes for Evers, 255 for Allen.

Hellacious Connections. The example of the Evers mayoral candidacy helped stimulate Negro election efforts elsewhere in Mississippi. About 185 Negro candidates were running for mayor, alderman and Democratic executive committee members in 45 other Mississippi communities. In primaries, Negroes won outright a total of 17 aldermanic races, forced runoff elections in ten more and garnered 15 Democratic committee seats. Evers, who raised more than \$10,000 for black aspirants across the state, was the show-piece success. His coattails were sturdy enough to sweep his entire Fayette slate of five black aldermen and six committeemen into power. That accounted for just about all the polities in Fayette, the sway-backed seat of poverty-ridden Jefferson County. Evers promised during the campaign to provide paved streets, sewers and running water in Fayette's black shantytown and, above all, industrial activity to alleviate the desolation that keeps 65% of his black constituents dependent on small welfare checks. Half a century ago, the county supported 25,000 souls; today, it has a population of fewer than 10,000. "Some folks been saying 'the niggers'll ruin the town,'" an aging white merchant confided. "Hell, the town's been ruined already."

Nonetheless, the election results did not sit well with Fayette's outnumbered whites. To Farmer John Barry, Evers seems to be only "just another nigger trying to get along." Barry did not, however, expect many white families to pack up and go. After witnessing Evers' out-of-state support, he conceded that the incoming administration enjoyed "hellacious connections" that could just turn out to be the town's salvation. Nor was there the overt intimidation of blacks that had marked past elections. "We took the whole town away from white people," Evers marveled, "and not a single Negro was beaten up. A few years ago, we'd have all been killed. Maybe that ain't much progress, but it's something."

Piggyback Voter. Allen's supporters had hoped to keep the Negro vote down by dissuading individual Negroes from turning out. The arguments were quiet but forceful. The strategy failed, however, to counter Evers' volunteer poll watchers, who were equipped with walkie-talkies and who checked off voters against a master list and then sought out laggards and strays. One ancient cripple was carried piggyback to vote. All except about 30 blacks cast their ballots.

Though the whites shied away from his victory party, Evers' first message was directed at the men he had turned out of office. "Have no fear," Evers pledged. "We're not going to allow our power to abuse you or mistreat you like you've mistreated us. We're going to show you what love and working together can do." In reply, promises of cooperation came from Mayor Allen and a defeated white alderman.



HAYAKAWA ON S.F. STATE CAMPUS
Toss of the tam?

OPINION

Bonus for Bushido

Under a soft, woolly tam-o'-shanter, San Francisco State College's stopgap president, S. I. Hayakawa, proved every whit as hardheaded as the cops in riot helmets whom he called to quell turmoil on his campus. Day after day, newspapers and TV showed the Japanese-American semanticist with his academic *Bushido* fully aroused. The result of all that public exposure, Pollster Mervin Field reported last week, is another instant political personality.

Hayakawa, 62, has only to toss his tam into the ring to become a formidable contender for office. If an election were held today, Field's California Poll indicated, the Democratic educator would trounce incumbent Republican Max Rafferty, a hard-lining conservative, for state Superintendent of Public Instruction. Hayakawa could also provide a strong challenge to Republican Senator George Murphy when the former song-and-dance man seeks a second term next year. Only Governor Ronald Reagan seems safe.

So deeply has the campus-violence issue touched the electorate that in a few months Hayakawa has become one of the state's best-known figures. Field found that he had wider recognition than former Governor Edmund ("Pat") Brown and former Lieutenant Governor Robert Finch, now President Nixon's Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Further, in a state that has in the past shown hostility to Asians, 82% of the voters said they were "strongly favorable" or "somewhat favorable" to what they have seen of the diminutive Nisei.



MAYOR-ELECT EVERES
Stimulating example.

LOS ANGELES

The Bradley Challenge

It was no idle political pledge when Los Angeles Mayor Samuel Yorty threatened: "I haven't let loose on him yet." Yorty's target is City Councilman Thomas Bradley, 51, a black lawyer and former police lieutenant who had outrun the mayor 42% to 26% in the April 1 mayoral primary.* With a runoff election next week, Bradley has a sizable lead; a recent poll found voters lined up 52% for Bradley, 35% for Yorty. One result is that Yorty, 59, has been waging a desperate, often venomous campaign against Bradley.

Name Calling. Bradley's campaign style mirrors his own personality—low-key and detached. In the belief that Yorty is doing a good job of talking himself out of a third term, he has chosen

Los Angeles' large conservative vote, an area that has been Yorty's exclusive bailiwick.

Yorty has denounced Bradley as dishonest, a Black Power advocate and an associate of radical leftists. He has gone so far as to charge Bradley, a former policeman, with being anti-law-enforcement because of his criticism of the police department's community relations program. The mayor, while accusing his opponent of a racist approach, easily invokes the race issue himself. "In Los Angeles," he says, "you don't have the mayor fighting with the police department as they are in Cleveland, where they elected a Negro mayor." The *Los Angeles Times*, arch critic of the mayor, has been painstakingly restrained in covering the campaign. Lately, however, its editorial writers and cartoonists have taken to roasting Yorty. Said one cartoon caption: "Winner of the first annual 'little old lady in tennis shoes award' is Mayor Sam Yorty for his re-election campaign!"

Mostly Nameless. During a recent speech before "Pro America," a conservative women's club, Yorty said that Los Angeles is an "experimental area for the taking over of a city by a combination of blue voting, Black Power, left-wing radicals and, if you please, identified Communists." The evil characters that Yorty has warned of remain mostly nameless. His Red menace in the Bradley camp amounts to a campaign coordinator, Don Rothenberg, who left the party in 1956. Since then, Rothenberg has worked for Senator Eugene McCarthy's presidential bid and in the losing campaign of Oregon Senator Wayne Morse, who knew Rothenberg's background before hiring him. As for the idea of a Black Power takeover, most militants consider Bradley something of an Uncle Tom.

As the campaign draws to a finale, the Bradley camp believes that Yorty has overdone his scare campaign. The theory has considerable validity. One recent poll showed that 27% of those opposing Yorty base their stand on his noxious campaign strategy.

IDAHO

Rolling in Pennies

To keep taxes down and meet rising costs, some state governments have turned to such moneymaking gimmicks as lotteries and race-track taxation. Idaho now draws income from an eight-lane bowling alley.

Lake Bowl, in the resort town of McCall, belonged to Oliver B. Turner, 49, an accountant in the Idaho highway department. It was seized, along with Turner's four cars, four houses, his Italian restaurant in Boise and Turner himself, after state auditors last month discovered a \$484,326.83 discrepancy during an annual audit. Turner is being held on 19 counts of forgery, falsifying documents and obtaining money under false pre-

tenses. If convicted on all counts, he could get 266 years in prison.

The affair is something of an embarrassment to Governor Don Samuelson, who was elected on a promise to "run the state like a business." What is particularly embarrassing is the fact that only after seven years and six separate audits did anyone notice anything amiss. "It was done very cleverly," said State Highway Engineer Ellis Mathes. "On the surface, the vouchers and everything looked very normal." Attorney General Robert Robson said that Turner had invented his own company name (The B.G.O. Investment Co.) and systematically diverted highway funds by means of 40 separate warrants ranging from about \$3,000 to \$17,500. Turner has four children and got an official salary of only \$11,650, but for all of his cars, houses and business properties, he had



BRADLEY CAMPAIGNING
Cool could be the key.

for the most part not to be drawn into a name-calling contest. Instead, Bradley has addressed himself to such issues as federal aid to schools and especially to the need for stricter law enforcement. "I intend to work for the end of violence," he says, "so that once again that which unites us will be stronger than that which keeps us apart."

Bradley is a registered Democrat, like Yorty, but he has managed to pull together a broad coalition of backers that covers the political spectrum. Endorsements have come from Democrats Ted Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey, Republicans Charles Percy and Jacob Javits, and several top aides of California Governor Ronald Reagan. To win, Bradley knows that he must get a slice of

* In Los Angeles, the city charter calls for mayoral elections to be nonpartisan. The so-called mayoral primary is tantamount to a general election, which can be won by any candidate getting more than 50% of the vote.



TURNER UNDER ARREST
Going, going, gone.

aroused little suspicion. "It wasn't hard to believe he could accumulate all those things," said a friend, "because he was an operating fool. He always had something going." Turner has little going now. Police impounded his modest savings account, then scoured his home and confiscated everything of value, including his wife's typewriter and bowling club treasury.

Because the Federal Government matches highway funds by 92% to 8%, the shortage at the state level could eventually cost Idaho \$5,000,000, or ten miles of interstate highway. But there is still Lake Bowl. Though Turner's restaurant was closed upon seizure, the alley is yielding a 64¢ profit to a special state trust fund for every line bowled. At that rate, it will take 7,451-182 lines of bowling to recoup the loss—about ten lines each for every man, woman and child in Idaho, or almost 18 years of around-the-clock play.

PROTEST

The Street People

Berkeley, Calif., was the cradle of the U.S. student rebellion. Recently, though, it had been Dulsville for activists. Demonstrations had petered out as the principal action shifted to the East. This was enough to irritate radicals on and off the University of California campus. Many of them were spoiling for a fight with university authorities but lacked an issue. So, joining some enthusiasts in a popular local-improvement project, they created a cause—with the cooperation of heavy-handed university officials and gun-happy police.

The alchemy was simple. The first ingredient was a dusty, three-acre tract in a dowdy neighborhood just off grim Telegraph Avenue. The university acquired the site two years ago, and planned to use it for a recreation area restricted to university people. The \$1,000,000 plot became a vacant eyesore when the university cleared it of buildings a year ago. Last month some of Berkeley's "street people"—an amorphous assemblage of hippies, yippies, students and others falling into no classification—took over the plot. They plowed the ground and, with \$1,000 raised among themselves and neighborhood businessmen, planted trees, flowers and grass. They installed benches, a sandbox and swings. Up went a sign: "People's Park." Abstract sculptures and mobiles of metal, wood and glass appeared. Sunday-afternoon rock concerts were organized.

What had been a neighborhood debut now accommodated laughing children and young lovers. To some, it symbolized popular planning and creativity at its best. To university officials, it was a challenge to their plans and a possible staging zone for summer riots. To

the radicals, the university's attitude was the issue they had been looking for, comparable with Columbia's plan to build a gym in a public park. They declared squatters' rights and dared the university to throw them off.

Antiseptic Prose. With all the thoughtfulness of laboratory animals responding to electric stimulation, the university reacted. Chancellor Roger Heyns, who had previously won the respect of most students, argued that residents objected to the noise and crowds. He promised in antiseptic prose to "exclude unauthorized persons from the site." One dawn last week, in came policemen and bulldozers. Up went poles for an eight-foot fence. Out went about 75 street people.

At noon, Student Body President Don Siegal raised the cry: "Let's go down there and take the park." He led a crowd of 1,800 down Telegraph Avenue, straight into a clash with about 300 police. The demonstrators hurled rocks; the cops responded with tear gas. County sheriff's deputies, who later claimed that they had been attacked with steel pipes and bricks, opened up with an antiriot weapon new to the area: twelve-gauge shotguns firing low-velocity birdshot. Four youths on a rooftop were sprayed, two wounded seriously. One lost his spleen, a kidney and part of his pancreas and bowels in surgery; the other may lose both eyes. At least another dozen demonstrators and two newsmen suffered gunshot wounds, some of them from small-caliber rifles. The battle raged for three hours over 25 square blocks. When it was over, about 60 had been admitted for hospital treatment, including about 20 policemen. 36 protesters were under arrest and one car had been burned.

The university had made its point. Or had it? Said Sim Van Der Ryn, chairman of the chancellor's advisory com-



BERKELEY'S PARK
Bulldozer for the sandbox.

mittee on housing and environment: "The People's Park was a great idea. The university just seems to be mad that they didn't think of it first." Asserting the need for the fence, Heyns admitted: "That's a hard way to make the point, but that's the way it has to be." At week's end, 1,200 National Guardsmen patrolled the streets and the park was closed off and empty. Continued agitation in the area resulted in still more arrests as the street people vowed not to surrender.

SEQUELS

Search for a Skipper

By refusing to authorize a court-martial or official letters of admonition for the principal officers of U.S.S. *Pueblo*, Navy Secretary John Chafee indicated that they could live happily ever after in the service. But Lieutenant Edward R. Murphy Jr., the spy ship's executive officer, figured that his future had fizzled when the Navy refused his request to be assigned to the service's post-graduate school in Monterey, Calif. Last week he resigned his commission.

Nor are *Pueblo's* personnel problems over. Although the U.S. does not physically possess the vessel or have any hope of getting it back soon, regulations require that every ship in commission have a commanding officer of record. The Navy is now looking for someone on whom to bestow the responsibility. The change of command promises to be awkward and piping the new captain aboard will be a problem, but Navy regs will be served.



YOUTH WRITHES IN PAIN FROM BIRDSEED WOUNDS
Cooperation for the cause.



REMEMBERING AN ADOPTED COUSIN

The endless ocean. The infinite specks of coral we call islands. Coconut palms nodding gracefully toward the ocean. Reefs upon which waves broke into spray, and inner lagoons, lovely beyond description.

PHYSICALLY. the sprawling South Pacific archipelagos of Micronesia almost live up to the lotusland evoked by James Michener. But paradise has problems. The population of about 100,000—cut by 50% in the last century by war, emigration and disease— inhabits fewer than 100 of the 2,141 Marshall, Marianas and Caroline islands. And these in turn comprise only 700 sq. mi. of land in 3,000,000 sq. mi. of sea, an area nearly as large as the continental U.S. Distances are great, and the people so scattered, that not even the ubiquitous and potentially valuable coconuts can be economically marketed: those on sale this month in Saipan, the administrative center, came from the Virgin Islands in the far-off Caribbean. A primitive economy, inadequate schools and social services and almost total unawareness by Americans that the U.S. bears any responsibility for the islands have combined to make Micronesians a sorely neglected folk.

Like the Raj. Before World War II, Micronesia's myriad atolls and volcanic islets were ruled by Japan under a League of Nations mandate and transformed into a honeycomb of airstrips and naval bases. The islands' agriculture and fisheries were also subsidized, to help feed Japan. In 1947, the U.N. handed Micronesia over to the U.S. under a trusteeship arrangement that has turned out to be little more than occasionally benevolent colonialism. Education and health services have been improved somewhat, but Japanese-built roads are now so full of potholes that experienced travelers in cars suffer from a landlocked version of *mal de mer*, while the blessings of sewers and electricity are generally limited to districts where Americans dwell. The plush, U.S.-

inhabited Capitol Hill section on the island of Saipan resembles a British compound in India in the day of the Raj. Micronesian schoolteachers sometimes are paid only one-fifth as much as their American counterparts for the same work in island schools, and U.S. secretaries often get higher salaries than their Micronesian supervisors.

Now there are signs that the U.S. is moving to right these and other inequities. If Congress approves, U.S. aid in the fiscal year beginning July will rise 38%, to \$41.6 million. Last week U.S. Interior Secretary Walter Hickel named an islander as No. 2 man in the trust territory's administration, the first time a native has achieved this status. He is Peter T. Coleman, 49, the first Samoan ever to receive a law degree. A former Governor of Samoa and a district administrator in Micronesia since 1961, Coleman has steadfastly refused to live on Saipan's Capitol Hill. The son of an American sailor and a Samoan mother prefers a modest house in a native community.

Invitation to Moscow. Coleman's appointment followed a five-day visit by Hickel to his far-flung fief. His trip to Saipan was to counter rising unrest and consult Micronesian leaders about the shape of things to come. Lyndon Johnson promised that the U.S. would hold a plebiscite by 1972. Micronesians will have three choices: to continue the present arrangement, achieve complete independence or retain an association with the U.S., with greater responsibility for their own affairs. That Micronesians are uncertain of their future course was made clear recently when the Mariana district legislature, not knowing where to seek assistance, passed separate resolutions inviting aid from the Soviet Union and simultaneously asking Washington for a return of U.S. military bases, which had proved an unwanted windfall for the islands' economies during World War II.

Whatever happens, there is little chance that the islands can become self-

supporting on a purely civilian economy. If the U.S. is forced to close bases on Okinawa to meet growing Japanese objections, senior U.S. officers are seriously considering replacement of the Okinawa facilities with installations on Saipan and Tinian in the Marianas, and Babelthuap in the Palau Islands. Micronesians view the return of military facilities ambivalently: they would bring sorely needed jobs and money, but they would destroy much of the islands' remaining natural beauty and inevitably intrude upon Micronesian culture. Also, as in Guam, a U.S. possession, installations are usually set up on precious arable land because it is flat. Another boost may come from tourism. Japanese already make regular pilgrimages to the graves of their war dead, and Continental Airlines—the only line to serve the trust territories—has agreed to build six first-class hotels in Micronesia over the next three years.

Passports and Tariffs. Secretary Hickel's visit signaled a change in U.S. attitudes from the postwar days, when Micronesians were summarily uprooted from Bikini, Eniwetok and Kwajalein so that their atolls could be used for nuclear and rocket testing. To a crowd gathered in the open courtyard of Saipan's Mount Carmel School—its roof blown off by last year's Typhoon Jean—Hickel announced: "For years you have had little voice in your government. This is wrong."

What will most likely result from the plebiscite is some form of free association of Micronesia with the U.S., somewhat akin to the commonwealth status of Puerto Rico. Even before that, the U.S. may ease two irritants by dropping requirements that Micronesians obtain passports in order to visit the U.S., and abandoning tariff barriers that treat Micronesia like a foreign country. "If it's good only for us, then it's no good," Hickel told Micronesia's legislative leaders. "If it's good only for you, it's no good. It's got to be good for both of us." The islands, after all, are an adopted part of the American family, a status into which they were drafted by Washington.

THE WORLD

POHER PULLS AHEAD IN FRANCE

EVEN the politicians in Paris seemed bemused by spring. None of the candidates for the presidency of France chose to dwell on the fact that just a year ago Paris was a city of barricades and rebel banners, with bloody encounters between baton-wielding riot police and angry students and workers. The speeches, calm, serene, struck a tranquil note, as if the candidates were dreaming of the summer holidays—scarcely two months away. Charles de Gaulle, presumably brooding in Ireland over his rebuff in the referendum, no longer cast his long shadow.

In the first week after the referendum, Frenchmen had seemed almost frightened by what they had wrought. If presidential elections had been held then, Georges Pompidou, 57, De Gaulle's political heir, might have had a walkover. But with every passing day the national sense of guilt lessened, the Gaullist support dwindled, and the "other" France took over.

Weighed in Advance. This other France is perfectly represented by Candidate Alain Poher, 60, the jolly, well-fed Senator who so accurately describes himself as "a Frenchman like all the others." Poher last week made his expected announcement that he was a candidate, and was rewarded by a new public-opinion poll that, in a two-man race, gave him 56% of the vote to 44% for Pompidou—an extraordinary result in light of the fact that Poher has no party backing his candidacy and has only become widely known in recent weeks. Poher also repeated his attack on the government-run TV network, which has long and one-sidedly sung the praises of Gaullism. Said Poher:

"This daily and insidious propaganda does not bring out the objective truth and reassure citizens." He promised, if elected, to see to it that the network was more evenhanded. The criticism netted the Gaullist Cabinet of Premier Maurice Couve de Murville. The Gaullists let it be known that "perhaps a candidate is not best placed to judge the objectivity of the network."

Each step Poher took appeared to have been carefully measured and exhibited a subtle timing that Frenchmen appreciated. As the leader of the Senate, Poher automatically became the interim President of France. Last week he promised to separate as much as possible the Acting President from the candidate. He swore to take part in no meetings and to accept no more official invitations that might give him an advantage over the other candidates—with the single exception of appearing at the Cup of France soccer final, thus reviving a presidential tradition that De Gaulle had neglected in recent years. He also promised to tape his election speeches at the TV studios, thereby playing on the well-known fact that De Gaulle had made TV teams come to him in the Elysée Palace.

Familiar Dilemma. When the presidential list officially closed last week, there were seven candidates. The others: Communist Jacques Duclos, 72, Socialist Gaston Defferre, 58, who named ex-Premier Pierre Mendès-France as his running mate and future Premier, Insurgent Socialist Michel Rocard, 38, and Painter-Writer Louis Ducatel, 67, campaigning as an independent gadfly "individualist." The final candidate, Alain Krivine, 27, is a Trotskyite who

speaks for the young men and women of the barricades of last May.

Actually, it will be a two-man race. Pompidou and his fellow Gaullists have slowly come to realize that the 53% *non* vote in the referendum may have ended Gaullism as a political movement, as well as brought down De Gaulle himself. A Poher aide, to confirm this, came up with a quote from Montesquieu: "There are empires that crumble after only one battle." Unlike the other French parties, which are either ideologically oriented or tied to a particular class, Gaullism appealed to the "Bonapartist spirit," which always emerges in France during times of upheaval or national stress. When Pompidou took over, he said somewhat pompously: "Gaullism has no program. It only has objectives." The usual Gaullist definition was that the party adhered to "a certain idea of France."

What is most ominous for Pompidou and his party is that the Poher vote in the latest poll is nearly the same as the *non* vote in the referendum. Pompidou has admitted that the referendum indicated a "desire for change." He faces much the same dilemma as did Hubert Humphrey in last year's U.S. campaign. As a faithful Gaullist, Pompidou cannot deny his chief; yet it is difficult for him to escape his legacy from the retired leader. So far, he has stressed peace and tranquillity, saying that what the French really want is "to take their vacations without having to ask what will happen when they return."

Banker by Chance. Pompidou made his first campaign swing in eastern France, which has usually been a Gaullist stronghold. At Asnières, outside Paris,



"A BIT TOO LARGE FOR ME"



POHER WITH WIFE (LEFT) AT MAY 1 CELEBRATION IN PARIS

Suddenly everyone is a Frenchman like all the others.

he spent half an hour with Gaullist militants. In his speeches, he warned of an unstable government if he lost, whereas if he won, Frenchmen could be sure that a government would be in place and operating "the next day." He belittled the "games of the Fourth Republic," when "no government lasted more than six months on the average," and promised that as President he would prevent France from "falling back into a regime of the Assembly." Along the way Pompidou sought to change his jetset image from Rothschild banker to typical middle-class Frenchman, the son of a poor professor who might have had a great career "if he had been born rich—or less poor, to be exact." As for himself, said Pompidou, "I became a banker by pure chance."

After more than a decade of grandeur and icy authority, France may well be in a mood for the old-shoe comfort of the mediocre and the manageable. Although a perfectly competent administrator, Alain Poher is not a politician to set pulses beating nor one to lead France on crusades abroad or earth-shaking reforms at home. Pompidou also seems to have sensed the national mood and is playing down his personal distinction and his high intelligence.

Increasingly, Pompidou made it clear that no vital issues separated him from Poher. Both are strongly European, non-authoritarian and favorable toward Britain's entry into the Common Market. They were even beginning to sound alike. In his first campaign interview on radio, Pompidou declared: "If I am elected I will not be a distant chief of state locked in a palace among officials, military men and ambassadors. I want to be close to the people." He ended with a self-effacing echo of Alain Poher: "After all, I am a Frenchman like so many others."



BURNED-OUT BUILDINGS IN KUALA LUMPUR
Harvest of bitter fruit.

RACE WAR IN MALAYSIA

MALAYSIA'S proud experiment in constructing a multiracial society exploded in the streets of Kuala Lumpur last week. Malay mobs, wearing white headbands signifying an alliance with death, and brandishing swords and daggers, surged into Chinese areas in the capital, burning, looting and killing. In retaliation, Chinese, sometimes aided by Indians, armed themselves with pistols and shotguns and struck at Malay kampongs (villages). Huge pillars of smoke rose skyward as houses, shops and autos burned.

Firemen drew sniper fire as they attempted to douse the flames, and outnumbered police watched helplessly at times as the street gangs rampaged. One man, trying to escape from his burning car, was thrown back into it by a howling mob, and died. By the time the four days of race war and civil strife had run their course, the General Hospital's morgue was so crowded that bodies were put into plastic bags and hung on ceiling hooks. Government officials, attempting to play down the extent of the disaster, insisted that the death toll was only 104. Western diplomatic sources put the toll closer to 600, with most of the victims Chinese.

No Longer Satisfied. From its inception, Malaysia has been haunted by racial divisions. By tacit agreement, the Federation's 4,300,000 Malays under Prime Minister Tunku Abdul Rahman wielded political power. Economic power was largely in the hands of Malaysia's 3,400,000 Chinese. There are also the 1,000,000 Indian and Pakistanis who make up the third major ethnic group. What made it all work was the Tunku's Alliance coalition, in which Malay, Chinese and Indian parties partic-

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

ipated. But for some time the Chinese and Indians had feared that eventually they would be pushed out as laws favoring Malays for schools and jobs bore fruit.

The trouble began two weeks ago, when newly formed Chinese opposition parties cut heavily into the Alliance's majority in parliamentary elections. It became suddenly apparent that many Chinese were no longer satisfied with just economic hegemony, but wanted a protective share of the political power as well. Nothing was more surely calculated to frighten the Malays, in particular the Malay "ultras" (right-wingers), who have long preached the doctrine of Malaysia for the Malays. Alarmed, the ultras began to discuss ways of retaining control. At a Malay post-election meeting in Kuala Lumpur, Chinese onlookers began to taunt those in attendance. Infuriated, the Malays attacked. At least eight Chinese were killed and within 45 minutes fast-spreading riots forced the Tunku to clamp a 24-hour curfew on the capital.

Returning to Singapore. Struggling to restore order as the fighting mushroomed, the Tunku and Deputy Prime Minister Tun Abdul Razak took power into their own hands. Parliament was suspended, as were constitutional guarantees. Total administrative power was taken by the newly formed, all-powerful National Operations Council headed by Razak, which proceeded to suspend publication of all Malaysian newspapers for several days. Arrests began. Ninety-three alleged terrorists were bagged in a swoop on a Chinese apartment building in Kuala Lumpur, and Razak reported that all Communists and known sympathizers were being rounded up. Razak and the Tunku blamed all the troubles on Communist China, which, they charged, had funneled large sums of money to Communist agitators in Malaysia. Later, however, the Tunku backed off slightly, and praised "loyal Chinese elements," adding that he had been mistaken when he blamed Chinese Communists for all the troubles.

As tensions eased late in the week, curfews were lifted long enough to allow householders to go out and buy food. The fires burned on, however, and there were still occasional racial clashes. For some time to come, Malaysia would be a bitterly divided society. Already many Chinese have given up hope; one senior government official spoke of abandoning everything in Kuala Lumpur and returning to his native Singapore. There was no doubt that if many others followed his example, severe damage to Malaysia's once-prospering economy would result. Beyond that was the question of whether the wounds opened last week would ever sufficiently heal to permit Malaysia's diverse peoples to resume their quest for a working multiracial nation.



In 1912, Lucille Watkins had to sneak out to the chicken coop to smoke a cigarette.



You don't have to play hide and smoke anymore. Now there's even a cigarette for women only.



New Virginia Slims.

This is the slim cigarette made just for women. Blended with the kind of flavor you'll like. Full, rich Virginia flavor. Tailored slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke. Extra long. In the distinctive striped pack. Regular or Menthol.



You've come
a long way, baby.

How a four hundred year old
tradition became the
first name for the martini.



Rulers have always had bodyguards. These came with William the Conqueror. In a time of no standing armies, they were his shield and his good right arm.

He stationed them in that high Norman keep commanding London called the Tower. And all below knew who ruled England.

The Guardians of Royalty

Within a month of his victory at Bosworth in 1485, Henry VII made the royal bodyguards into the first permanent military group in England.

And so began the participation of the Beefeater in a magnificent human drama. Never before or since has one body of men shared so fully in the pageant of royalty.

From his vantage point in the Tower of London he watched as his ruler pitted himself against Pretenders and Parliament. Church and foreign powers for the prize of England. Sir Thomas More, Raleigh, Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, Guy Fawkes—all strutted and played their scenes before the Beefeater.

How the "Beefeater" Acquired His Name

There were times of happiness. Times of circumstance and pomp, of boisterous banquets and swaggering nobles, of boards groaning beneath the weight of delicacies unnumbered, and of comely serving wenches too.

It is from these occasions of state that the Yeoman of the Guard acquired the name Beefeater. Among his trusts was the supervision of the buffet at royal banquets—of being a "buffetier." And through the delightful Cockney propensity to make foreign words into the King's English, "buffetier" became Beefeater.

A Gin for Gentlemen

When James Burrough gave to his London Distilled Dry Gin the name of Beefeater, he did not do so lightly. He was well aware of the esteem in which the Beefeater was held in the hearts and minds of gentlemen. He knew that the Beefeater stood for integrity, quality and was the guardian of all that was traditional in Britain. And until that time, no gin had dared make a bid for a place of honor on a gentleman's sideboard.

It was with due regard of the consequences that James Burrough introduced to Victorian England, Beefeater Gin.

Needless to say, he was successful. Never before had a gin achieved such softness, such clarity, such fullness and balance of taste. Men used words that were heretofore reserved for vintage wine and venerable brandy to describe it.

First Name for the Martini

In the same age that James Burrough produced Beefeater Gin, an American fashioned the martini. Never have there been two more fortunate and fortuitous events. The two have been inseparably linked ever since.

To those accustomed to the delights of the world, Beefeater is the first name for the martini. Before the meal, a Beefeater Martini arouses the appetite for further delights; between friends it is an appreciation of shared tastes; and as an indulgence of self, little if anything can compare to the identifiable excellence of Beefeater Gin. And yet to our surprise, there are those who have asked, "What does a Beefeater Martini taste like?" In truth, words give but poor approximation of its identifiable excellence. We can only promise that Beefeater will double your martini pleasure.

So Characteristically English

The identifiable excellence of Beefeater is due in no small part to the personal supervision of the Burrough family. Beefeater is the only gin in England still produced by the family of the founder.

The selection of the botanicals is under the personal direction of the chairman of the board. To this day, each distillation must be sampled and approved by a family member. To further insure quality, each bottle is numbered and recorded; and a sample of each distillation is placed in a library of Beefeater Gin production.

To our many friends we now give thanks. To those of you who have not yet had the pleasure of a Beefeater Martini, an experience most sublime awaits you. Never will you find English history more enjoyable.

BEEFEATER®

First name for the martini



We're flying new colors.

6 cheerful colors. In dresses that make our stewardesses feel even more feminine than before. And more eager than ever to spread cheer around our airplanes.

We have new ground colors, too. For the hostesses who help you out

in our terminals. But new colors are only part of what we're doing at Eastern to make flying more enjoyable for everyone.

Come take a look. We'll welcome you smiling. And we'll do all we can to see that you leave us that way.



EASTERN Smiling faces going places.

INDIA

Return of the Enemies

Two old and irreconcilable foes last week made strong political comebacks. The two—V. K. Krishna Menon and S. K. Patil—won smashing victories in by-elections to the Lok Sabha, India's House of Commons. Both seem eager to renew old battles, with Menon rallying the Indian left and Patil the Indian right.

Lean, falcon-faced Krishna Menon, 73, has traveled the greater distance in making his return to politics. Originally, Menon's position at the top depended on his longtime friendship with Jawaharlal Nehru. It was not enough, however, to save his job as Defense Minister in 1962, following the rout of Indian troops by the Chinese on the Himalayan border. Menon remained in the Lok Sabha until 1967, when Patil

the party boss in Bombay—managed to withhold Congress Party endorsement from Menon, who was running for his old seat in North Bombay. Menon then ran as an independent and lost.

Boleful Eye. In winning a seat from West Bengal last week, Menon was supported by the Communist-controlled United Front, a coalition of leftist parties that governs the state. Menon still retains the baleful eye and personal arrogance that used to infuriate fellow diplomats at the United Nations. Neither then nor now has Menon had any large national following. But he will undoubtedly provide the left coalition with ideas, and his scathing voice will be employed in attacks on the government.

About the only thing on which Patil and Menon agree is that the Congress Party is fatally sick and will most likely come apart in the national elections scheduled for 1972. Patil sees himself as a "ladder" between the Congress Party and such rightist groupings as the Swatantra and the Jana Sangh. He



GAMBLING CHALETS
Benefits across the board.

also hopes to make fruitful contact with the Praja Socialists, who broke away from the Congress Party but have never joined the leftist front because they hate Communists as much as Patil does.

Patil, 68, who is as round-faced and cherubic as Menon is lean and hungry-looking, has served in Nehru's Cabinet as well as that of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi until he unexpectedly lost his seat in the 1967 elections. Patil's professed aim is to "polarize" the catchall Congress Party. "If fellow travelers and Communists are in the majority in the party, then the rest of us must walk out," he says. "If the democrats are in the majority, then the others must walk out or be kicked out." Menon holds much the same view: "Who will fill the gap in New Delhi? A rightist coalition or a unity of the left?" If the old antagonists are correct, the years ahead could well be the noisiest as well as the most divisive since Indian independence.

CAMBODIA

Riel of Fortune

For much too long, Cambodian Chief of State Norodom Sihanouk fretted over the addiction of his "petit people" to gambling. All his antigambling laws—and regular police crackdowns on Phnompenh's 40-odd illegal houses of chance—had no effect. Cambodians and the equally avid Chinese and Vietnamese residents in the capital continued to gamble their rials away. Profits to the illicit houses were put at about \$20 million a year.

Unable to beat the houses, Sihanouk decided to go them one better. Now *le tout Phnompenh* is flocking to a spectacular riverside gambling complex, opened as a government monopoly in February. Inside a huge casino, thousands challenge the laws of chance in an assortment of card and dice games; in nine nearby air-conditioned chalets, the more affluent play roulette, *chemin de fer* and mah-jongg. Of the daily winnings of \$75,000, the government skims off \$40,000, while \$25,000 goes to cover operating expenditures. The rest of the take is divided among 25 concessionaires, including several owners of now-closed illegal houses.

The benefits have been felt across the board. Government revenues are up 10% over last year, thanks entirely to the new operation. Cambodia's local industries have benefited: all the pieces of casino equipment—including dice, roulette wheels, cards and *chemin de fer* "shoes"—are made at home. Several pawnshops have sprung into existence to help out unlucky bettors.

Sihanouk at first ordained that, to give the operation a bit of class, each bettor must wear a tie. Standards slipped quickly. The basic gaming uniform now is simply shirt, long trousers and shoes. For barefoot peasants who have the rials to gamble, a rent-a-sandal business thrives just outside the casino entrance.



LEFTIST MENON



RIGHTIST PATIL

Agreed on the sickness.

RUSSIA

Old Soldiers Do Die

In the past three weeks, the authoritative *London Times* has reported the deaths of a countess, a viscountess, a baroness, two lords, two baronets, a knight and the widows of eight knights. It seems possible that these deaths, coupled with widespread student rioting, disaffection with the Westminster government and the bloody battles in Ulster, indicate that at last the British proletariat have begun to throw off the bloodstained shackles of the aristocratic governing clique.

So, suggested Columnist Tony Clifton in the *Sunday Times* of London, might a Russian reporter with a conspiratorial imagination interpret recent events in Britain. Clifton was taking a packish poke at Kremlinologists in the West. Suspicious by trade, they have been agog with speculation and wild surmise about the deaths of twelve Russian generals within a recent 17-day period.

Released Piecemeal? Last week the passing of another general, G. Volkov, continued to provoke conjecture, fanciful as it seemed, about some sort of vast cabal. One rumor was that the generals had died together, either in a rocket accident or an airplane crash, and the death notices were being released piecemeal to hush up the tragedy. Another speculation, fed by the fact that this year's May Day parade in Moscow was predominantly a civilian show, was that the military had attempted a putsch and failed. The ringleaders were quietly executed, so this tale went, and the unreliable Soviet army was forbidden to march through Red Square. Then there was the intriguing matter of General Valentin Penkovsky, most important of the dead generals—and the great-uncle of the most highly placed Russian ever to be recruited to spy for the West inside the U.S.S.R.—Oleg Penkovsky.

In its string of obituaries, the Soviet army newspaper did say that nine in the fallen constellation of red stars had died "tragically." This is official jargon for accidental death, and it reinforced the disaster rumor. But the other officers, many on the retired list, were reported to have died of natural causes. Volkov, a retired air force technical expert, was 70 years old. General Martikyan Popov, a staff officer in the Ministry of Defense, was 67 at the time of his death and General Penkovsky, 65. Despite the twelve deaths in 17 days, overall the mortality has been steady: 46 have died since the beginning of this year, only nine more than in the comparable period of 1968. Considering that Russia counted 10,000 generals in its army at the end of World War II, the close deaths of that many of them a quarter of a century later was curious but actuarially quite plausible. Old soldiers, after all, do die as well as fade away.



ISRAELI ARTILLERY FIRING ACROSS SUEZ CANAL

Doubtful about the defensive.

MIDDLE EAST

Hardening Line

Israel's leaders purposely have never been precise in defining how much they intend to keep of the Arab territory their army conquered in the 1967 war. Now, however, the Cabinet's position is rapidly hardening. Israel's new frontiers, says Premier Golda Meir, must provide "no natural advantage to our neighbors" (see box). In strategic translation, that means that Israel intends to retain part of Jordan's West Bank, at least a measure of Syria's Golan Heights, the Gaza Strip and as yet unspecified portions of Egypt's Sinai Peninsula. Last week Deputy Premier Yigal Allon promised Israelis that "if our frontiers are made secure, they will eventually be recognized." Defense Minister Moshe Dayan added a carefully worded warning: "If the Arabs keep up their hostilities, it is doubtful whether our forces can remain on the defensive."

Symbolic Mourning. Dayan's words only seemed to reinforce the Arabs' equal insistence—at least in public—that the Israelis must evacuate all occupied territory. In fresh artillery firing across the Suez Canal last week, Egyptian troops killed five Israeli soldiers and wounded another 19; Israelis trained their fire on the evacuated buildings of Port Said. On the eastern front, Jordanian and Israeli soldiers continued daily artillery battles across the Jordan River. Israeli casualties were one killed and two wounded.

Inside the occupied territories, Arab shopkeepers in the town of Nablus closed their stores in symbolic mourning of the 21st anniversary of Israel's founding.* But the fedayeen guerrillas have failed notably to stir the populace to

more drastic forms of resistance. In the Gaza Strip, a series of eight grenades exploded in crowded marketplaces, injuring 36 Arabs—evidently terrorist punishment for collaboration with the Israelis.

Probably Impermanent. The failure of the fedayeen within the occupied territories has made more urgent than ever the commando drive for freedom to strike at Israel from Lebanon. Last month the Lebanese Cabinet resigned in the aftermath of riots in support of the guerrillas. Since then, the country's leaders have sought an agreement with the fedayeen that would preserve the peace with Israel. Last week the two sides reached an uneasy, fragile—and probably impermanent—understanding. Lebanon will release arrested rioters and drop charges against them in return for a fedayeen promise not to bring on Israeli retaliation, either by firing across the border or by launching large-scale raids from Lebanese territory. Lebanon has appealed also to its Moslem neighbors for a summit meeting of the Arab League, now a distinct possibility, since other Arab governments are as aware as the Lebanese of the growing political threat of the fedayeen.

Even if the Arab states should crack down, the fedayeen now have a powerful outside friend, China, which has offered them "full and unqualified support" and "volunteers" if needed. Last week China seemed closer still to getting a substantial foothold in the Middle East. The government of Syria, evidently angered at Russia's slowdown in arms deliveries, dispatched to Peking a delegation headed by Chief of Staff Major General Mustafa Tlas. One possible result of that mission would be an agreement to supply Syria with arms, thereby giving Peking its first substantial influence over a Middle East government—in the same way that Moscow bought its way into the Middle East by supplying arms to Egypt in 1955.

* Israel was proclaimed a state on May 15, 1948, according to the Gregorian calendar that some Arabs follow. Israelis celebrated the event on April 23rd, the 21st anniversary by the Jewish lunisolar calendar.

Plain Talk from Golda Meir

In her brief two months as Premier of Israel, Mrs. Golda Meir has proved a forceful and formidable public defender of Israel's interests as she sees them. She has never been more popular among Israelis, who admire her iron will, zest for long hours and hard work at the age of 71, and her blunt manner of speech. Those qualities were amply demonstrated in a recent interview with TIME Inc. Editor in Chief Hedley Donovan and TIME Managing Editor Henry Grunwald:

How do you read President Nasser's mood?

We don't find any difference, really. The only time he said anything new was immediately after the war, that great speech of his, when for a moment, I think, he was prepared to take the blame on himself. But I must say to his credit, he recovered very quickly and became true to himself again.

How close is the Middle East to another round of war?

Let us differentiate between two things. You know our position is that war is not imminent. But we have to be prepared also in case we misjudge. We can't risk it. Many people have lost wars in history and many people's countries have been occupied by foreign powers. Our history is much more tragic. Hitler took care of 6,000,000 Jews. If we lose a war, for us that is the last war. Then we are not here any more. If one doesn't understand this, then one doesn't understand our obstinacy.

Speaking of the 6,000,000, the Arabs were not responsible for their fate. It is often said by Arabs that history is taking it out on them, by having so many Arabs displaced from this country 20 years ago, and more recently.

The Arabs created a refugee problem. This is the truth. We didn't throw them out. In 1949, immediately after the war, the Cabinet of Israel decided that within a peace settlement with the Arab countries, we will take back about 100,000 refugees. The Arabs wouldn't listen. For 20 years the refugees were kept in camps. The textbooks printed with the money of the United Nations were full of hatred toward Israel, with wonderful arithmetic examples of how there were five Israelis, we killed three, how many are left? Now the little boy who was five is now 25. He is maybe Fatah [an Arab commando] now. Now we are asked to give them a free choice to come back. This is a fifth column that we are asked to take.

Do you really feel that the refugee problem, so-called, is entirely created by the Arabs themselves?

One hundred per cent.

Does it disturb you that the American public, from having been 99% pro-Israel and enormously enthusiastic about the results of the June war, now seems slightly vexed with Israel?

If I am to choose a good press in the world with many good things about an Israel that isn't here any more, or unfair criticism of an Israel that is still in existence, then I choose the latter. We were the people who were attacked. The attacked won the war. Certainly we would be much happier if the U.S. and other countries in the world, would see the situation as we do. I am convinced that every one of these countries in our position would act exactly as we are. I understand American interests. Not only as citizens of Israel, but as citizens of the world, we are vitally interested that there should be an understanding between America and the Soviet Union. But, to say it very bluntly, not at our expense.

How do you visualize a settlement?

Agreed, secure boundaries. Both adjectives have equal importance.

What would such be, from your point of view?

We don't draw maps. Why should I create a Jewish war before there is any



PREMIER MEIR

hope whatsoever of peace with the Arabs? What do I mean? There are differences of opinion among this people. When the day comes when we sit with Nasser, and he will say here, and we will say here, and the negotiators representing Israel will think, well, maybe not exactly this, maybe here, maybe there. They will bring it to the Cabinet, and the Cabinet will have to discuss it and take a position. The Cabinet will break up. We will go to the Knesset and have new elections. But why should I do it now?

We say, come and negotiate with us for secure and agreed borders. Now, I say 'secure' because we have lived with those borders for 20 years. Anybody that tells us that we should step down

so that the Syrians again can put their guns in position and to say to our people down below, don't budge, stay there—I want to see that hero. It is not moral. It is not decent.

What will you do if the Big Four agree on a Middle East settlement that Israel does not like?

I have no illusions. The U.N. Security Council will say, of course, this is wonderful: the big powers agree. It doesn't happen twice a week that the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are in agreement. And we will say no. Then it will go to the Assembly, and maybe a special assembly—and we will say no. It won't be easy.

You have mentioned Arab perfidy several times. What makes you think they will keep any signed agreement? Isn't there a paradox here?

That's why we said 'secure borders.' When I say secure borders, I mean one thing: no natural advantage to our neighbors in the borders, because we have had all that. Because if Hussein's army, without crossing the border, can shell Tel Aviv—it wasn't so serious, one or two shells—but there can come more. And if Natanya, in the middle of the country, with only twelve miles between the sea and the former border, if that is cut, we are also through. On that I'm prepared to stand for elections—that this cannot happen, that these twelve miles can't be any more and that the Golan Heights can't be any more. And I am not prepared that anybody should safeguard for me the free shipping through the Straits of Tiran.

I have reasons to envy Mr. Eban as Foreign Minister for many things. But I envy him more for one thing: namely, he will never have to do what I had to do in 1957: to stand before the United Nations and say, we will withdraw. I did it on behalf of the government, but that was not my greatest hour.

So you visualize the secure border as something that is self-enforcing, that is not, in fact, enforced by a signed treaty, but that the border itself enforces?

Yes, but with a signed treaty. But since signed treaties have not always prevented war—why do all countries who have peace treaties with their neighbors still guard their borders?—borders also mean something. What we ask our friends is, to my mind, a very simple thing: tell Nasser and Hussein, sit down with the Israelis, negotiate peace with them. For 20 years, we have tried everything. Now it is your responsibility, not the Soviet Union, not the United States, not France, not England. Mr. Nasser, it is your responsibility. You are responsible for the war. You must take the responsibility for peace.

WEST GERMANY

Bei Ria

XXX © Haus Maternus. Poststr. 8. P 6 28 63. . . .

That one-star, one-line rating for the Weinhaus Maternus in the Michelin German guidebook is somewhat coy, albeit accurate as far as it goes. The service, as Michelin indicates, is indeed *gentlich* and the food good. Eating there is also reasonable: a dinner for two can be had for \$12. What the guidebook fails to mention is that Maternus, located in the Bonn suburb of Bad Godesberg,* is undoubtedly the most important restaurant in West Germany. Its primary bill of fare is politics, not Sauerkraut, and as the capital's gathering place for party leaders, deputies, diplomats and journalists, it belongs in the great tradition of European political cafés. Within its oak-paneled walls, as much of the Federal Republic's business is probably done as in the nearby buildings of state.

Maternus, named after a 4th century German bishop, successfully combines food, service, atmosphere and personality. Its kitchen turns out such specialties as Filet Wellington, Sole Nantua and Kalbsstück Orloff, a veal steak that serves ten. The wine cellar contains an outstanding assortment of Moselle. The tables are decorated with well-worn pewter, the five public dining rooms provide the kind of labyrinthine privacy that politicians prefer, and the two private rooms are perfect for *Intimpolitik*. Presiding over all is Owner-Hostess Ria Alzen, a 55-year-old divorcee of quick wit and ready warmth. Because of her, the restaurant is usually referred to merely as Ria's, and the establishment is as well known as the Palais Schaumburg.

Who's Hungry. Ria's daily guest list is usually a West German *Who's Who* and who's hungry. Foreign Minister Willy Brandt may be eating at one table; he dines *chez* Ria so often that she refers to him familiarly as "der Willy" and sees to it that his after-dinner coffee always contains the shot of rum he favors. At another table may be West German President-elect Gustav Heinemann, Berlin's Mayor Klaus Schütz, a patron since his days in the Bundestag, is always seated at the same table overlooking the garden: he usually wants fresh pineapple for dessert. With Bavarian gusto, Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss is fond of dropping in for post-midnight salami, black bread, beer and Steinäger.

Owner Alzen's family have been restaurateurs for 176 years; her father bought Maternus in 1908, when it was merely a "wine café" serving Rhine wine and cold dishes. One guest, while the restaurant was a U.S. Army officers' club in 1945, was two-gun George

Patton: the general candidly admired Ria's legs but never commented on the food. After Bonn became the federal capital and Ria became Maternus' sole owner, the restaurant's political era began. Konrad Adenauer liked to greet Ria, a fellow Rhinelander, in local dialect: he became a regular. Successor Ludwig Erhard became another steady; the day he succeeded *der Alte* as Chancellor, Ria sent him a Wedgwood tureen brimful of his favorite split pea soup. Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger, who prefers to dine at the Schaumburg, has not maintained the custom.

The Catalyst. One reason why customers return with regularity is Ria's discretion and sure sense of priorities. In



RIA AT TABLE IN MATERNUS
Perfect for Intimpolitik.

a capital abounding with spies (TIME, May 16), Maternus undoubtedly feeds its share; in John le Carré's *A Small Town in Germany*, the restaurant is the last place in which British Embassy Staffer Leo Harting is seen before he drops out of sight with Her Majesty's secrets. Ria does not concern herself with any such spookery over her cookery, but she does enjoy the politics. She considers herself a catalyst in that area. When a new arrival catches her fancy, she sees to it that he receives prestigious and useful introductions. Once, when a feuding Social Democrat and a Christian Democrat were both dining *chez* Maternus, she sent a bottle of brandy to each table with a note saying that it had come from the other. Though Ria tries not to play political favorites, she admits a bias toward the generally more sociable Social Democrats. "They are lovable men," she says.

* Which last week, with neighboring villages, was voted into the city proper. On July 1, as a result, Bonn's population will jump from 130,000 to 300,000.

LATIN AMERICA

Don Rocky's Mission

"I'm listening," Nelson Rockefeller told his hosts. "What's wrong with listening? This is the first time a North American has ever come listening." The heads of state of the seven Central American countries,* whom the New York Governor visited last week on the first leg of a 23-nation, four-stage mission for President Nixon, had plenty to tell him.

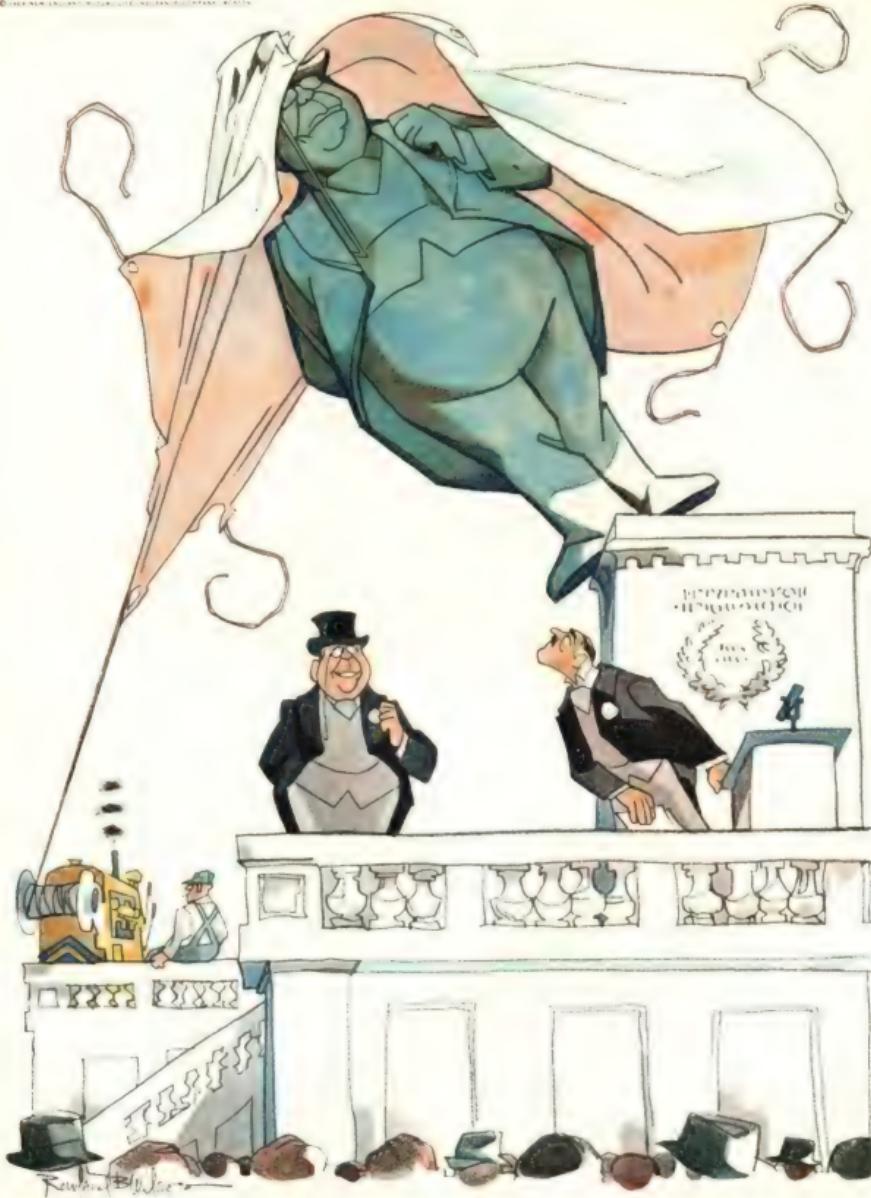
To a man they related the need for more American investment capital, both private and governmental, the end of discriminatory tariffs and of quotas for their exports. They expressed concern over the moribund Alliance for Progress, since 1961 the principal vehicle for U.S. aid to Latin America. Congress cut *Alianza* funds that Lyndon Johnson had requested from \$625 million to a disappointing \$316.5 million, and Nixon has publicly criticized the program's performance. At each stop, Latin leaders recited the litany of the region's social problems from illiteracy and overpopulation to the need for agrarian reform.

"Don Rocky," as Latinos call him, and his more than 20 technical advisers are not on the road in order to make any recommendations themselves, but simply to gather suggestions from their host counterparts. The only message that Rockefeller has brought is: the United States alone cannot provide unlimited amounts of dollars needed to bring Latin America from the burro age to the jet age. "I am asking you to suggest other ways that we can help," he said.

Rapid Pace. So far, contrary to some impressions back home, the reception has been relatively cordial. But newspapers and government officials have bristled over the pace of Rockefeller's mission, which whipped his party through seven countries in eight days, with as little as four hours in one capital. Besides, anti-American demonstrators whoop it up whenever the party hits town. In Tegucigalpa, Honduras, a university student was killed by the police, who say a patrolman's gun went off when he fell with his finger on the trigger. Immediately after the shooting, Rockefeller took to the streets, smiling and shaking hands with crowds of students and ordinary citizens. "I'm trying to get understanding going both ways," said Don Rocky.

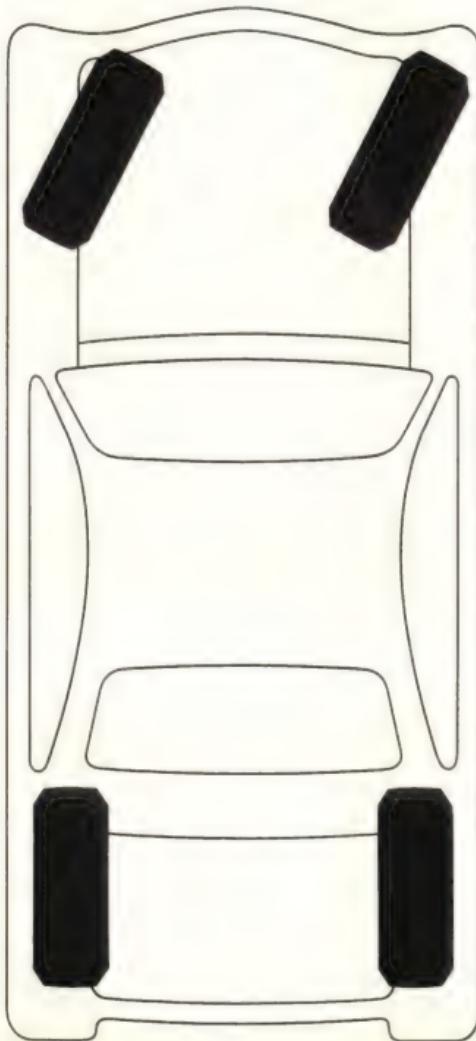
His visit to the bigger nations lies ahead. The mission returns home this week. It resumes May 27, headed for such eventual destinations as Argentina and Brazil, where military regimes are in power. One of the first stops is Peru, headed on a collision course with Washington over compensation for the expropriation of the International Petroleum Co.'s properties.

* Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Panama.



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PEOPLE

It had all the earmarks of a swinging trip for Beatle John Lennon and his bride, *Yoko Ono*: a cruise to the U.S. on the *Queen Elizabeth 2* in the company of such other swinging junketeers as Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr. But there was a serious bureaucratic hitch: John had been busted last year for possession of marijuana, a crime which invalidated his U.S. visa. John battled with U.S. embassy officials in London right up to the last minute, but to no avail. Sellers and Starr had to sail without him.

"I think the death penalty is completely uncalled for." With that proclamation, Attorney *Melvin Moulton Belli* put on his crusader's armor and announced to the world that he planned to take over Sirhan Sirhan's appeal. As it turned out, his plan was all news to Sirhan. Stating that "I, Sirhan Sirhan, have full confidence in my present attorneys, Grant Cooper and Russell Parsons," the convicted assassin of Robert Kennedy indicated that he would engage them "and none other."

Like any family, the Roosevelts have had their squabbles. But few ever reached the pitch of last week's affair when *James Roosevelt*, 61, was stabbed in the back by his wife Gladys, 52, at their home in Geneva, Switzerland. F.D.R.'s eldest son was rushed to a nearby hospital for emergency surgery, but the wound was apparently not serious.



GLADYS & JAMES ROOSEVELT
A slightly serious wound.

A member of Roosevelt's investment firm would say only that the stabbing was "a personal matter," which turned out to include the divorce proceedings that James had initiated earlier in the week. Swiss police said that the incident "was not likely to have serious judicial consequences." Meanwhile, Gladys, James' wife for 13 years, was taken to a psychiatric clinic.

One thing that Author-Candidate *Norman Mailer* should not lack in his New York mayoralty campaign is hard cash. The feisty little writer has just been promised \$800,000 in advance royalties against a projected book on the Apollo 11 moon landing this summer. Mailer says he plans to combine some flavorful reportage on the Cape Kennedy takeoff with his own ideas on the possible repercussions of lunar landings. The book, which will be published by Little, Brown & Co. and excerpted in *LIFE*, is also likely to net Mailer another large chunk of money in movie rights—that is, when it finally gets written. "I'm devoting all my time to my candidacy for mayor," said Mailer. "The only writing I'm doing at this time has to do with the campaign."

More than 100 dissidents from Enfield College of Technology staged a sit-down outside the London borough's civic center to protest a town-council decision to evict a band of gypsies from their caravan site. They were joined by *Bernadette Devlin*, 22, Britain's angry young Member of Parliament from Northern Ireland, who devoured soft ice cream and spouted hard politics. The peppery lass harangued the crowd for about ten minutes, declaring: "If the citizens of England allow the gypsies to be evicted without protest, they cannot go to church and say 'I love my brother, Lord.' They will have to say 'I love my brother, Lord'—provided he is not a gypsy."

After her daughter's first and highly publicized date with Congressman *Barry Goldwater Jr.*, a reporter asked *Pat Nixon* if she would like to see *Tricia* marry a politician. Pat's reply came straight from 29 years' experience: "I'd feel sorry for her if she ever marries anyone in politics." Her audience sat stunned for a moment; then someone ventured a tentative "But you've had a good life?" Pat's cryptic response: "I just don't tell all."

They may start calling him *Omar the Bridge Player*. After arriving in Cannes on business—and what film festival isn't?—*Omar Sharif* stayed on for pleasure: to play in the International Bridge Tournament in Juan-les-Pins. And while he poses no threat to *Charles Goren*, he is at least giving it a steady



BARBARA BOUCHET & OMAR SHARIF
A very serious game.

go. Every day he has been rising in his Majestic Hotel suite, driving to Juan-les-Pins and staying at the bridge table until dusk. *Omar* finally managed to take a break last week for a big night at the Cannes Playboy nightclub with *Barbara Bouchet*, the blonde German beauty whom *Otto Preminger* cast in the spotlight (*In Harm's Way*).

"Meanwhile, Peter had made a lasso, and letting it down v-e-r-y carefully—he caught the wolf by the tail and pulled with all his might!" So spoke the narrator, in tones as satiny as her flowered dress, while young and old alike edged forward in their seats. It was a benefit at Boston's Symphony Hall, and *Joan Kennedy* gave a thoroughly professional reading of *Peter and the Wolf* as the Boston Pops Orchestra played the Prokofiev classic. For her efforts, *Joan* received a Baccarat paperweight from the Pops musicians, yellow tea roses from her children, and the ultimate encomium from Husband *Ted Kennedy*. "She did well," said the Senator. "She's been listening to my speeches."

"I felt that I was a little needed again," said *Mamie Eisenhower* as she set sail on the liner *United States* for the continent that her late husband liberated 25 years ago. Hers was a maternal mission: to help her son *John* set up house in Brussels as the U.S. Ambassador to Belgium. After that, said *Mamie*, her plans call for visits to a few family friends in Europe before eventually returning to the *Eisenhowers*' Gettysburg, Pa., farm with two of her granddaughters.

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SCIENCE

ASTRONOMY

The Prodigal Sun

For several days in November 1960, the earth was under attack. Enormous sheets of red and green light flickered in the night sky. Magnetic storms blacked out long-distance radio communications. Compass needles danced crazily and Teletypes printed page after page of utter nonsense. These phenomena were not caused by an alien invader but by the familiar and normally benign sun. In an outburst equal to the energy of a billion hydrogen bombs, it was bombarding the earth with exceptionally intense electromagnetic radiation and a dense hail of high-velocity particles.

The barrage of rays and particles was largely deflected by the Van Allen belts or absorbed by earth's protective blanket of atmosphere, and life on the planet was not endangered. But the magnitude of that solar storm still haunts space scientists. What if an equally severe onslaught were to occur this week, catching the Apollo 10 astronauts within their thin-walled lunar module—or in July, when the Apollo 11 astronauts are on the surface of the moon? If that happened, high-velocity particles would riddle the men, causing serious illness or possibly even death. The odds against such an occurrence are not prohibitive; just as in 1960, the sun is again near the peak of its eleven-year cycle of activity, when violent outbursts frequently occur.

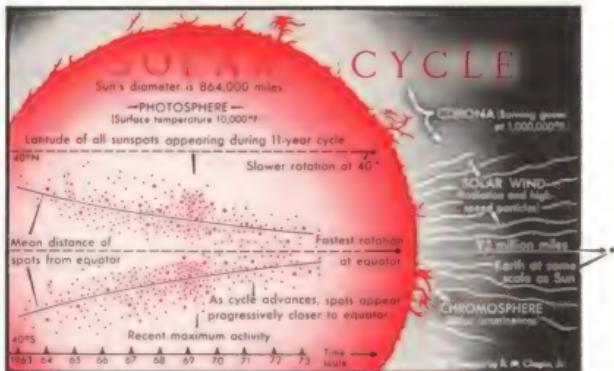
State of Turbulence. Astronomers are slowly solving some of the mysteries of the sun, but they have only a vague understanding of the processes that cause its dangerous outbursts. Although the sun is an ordinary, average-sized star, its dimensions and characteristics are staggering by earthly standards. It has a diameter of 864,000 miles (v. earth's 8,000 miles) and consists of 2.2 octillion tons of gaseous matter, most of it hydrogen and helium. In the 27-million-degree F. temperatures in the solar core, 564 million tons of hydrogen are converted by nuclear fusion into 560 million tons of helium every second. Thus, in a single second, 4,000,000 tons of solar matter are converted into energy—more energy than man has used since the beginning of civilization—and hurled into space in the form of heat, light and other radiation.

The surface of the sun, or photosphere, has an average temperature of 10,000 degrees F. Its most prominent features are sunspots—dark areas as large as 80,000 miles across. These spots usually occur in pairs and move from left to right, one spot leading the other, across the visible solar face as the sun rotates. They are probably caused by powerful magnetic fields generated by the flow of tremendous electrical currents (as high as 10 million-million amperes) within the sun. Like the tips of a horse-

shoe magnet, the paired spots have opposite polarity—one positive, the other negative—and are joined together by powerful magnetic lines of force that loop above the solar surface. The lines confine the gases in the spots, so that they cannot circulate and bring heat up from the solar interior. As a result, gases within the spots are cooler—and thus appear darker—than gases in the surrounding areas.

Strange Behavior. At the beginning of a solar cycle, which averages eleven years, a few sunspots materialize about 35 degrees away from the solar equator in both the northern and southern hemispheres. Some last for a few days or weeks, others for months. As the cycle progresses, the spots occur with

It has been evident to astronomers for some time that solar disturbances occur in rather close harmony with the appearance of the sunspots. Thus there were fierce solar storms during and shortly after the record numerical peak in sunspots during 1957-58—and a long lull during the sunspot minimum in 1963-64. There is an even closer connection. Most of the violent solar eruptions occur near clusters of sunspots on the solar surface and seem to derive their energy from the magnetic fields that cause the spots. Suddenly flaring into extreme brilliance, a region hundreds of millions of square miles in area can erupt, shooting a stream of electromagnetic radiation and particles into space. Within 15 minutes after the appearance of some flares, bursts of electromagnetic radiation and some high-energy particles begin to buffet the earth.



greater frequency and appear ever closer to the equator. About five years after the cycle begins, the sunspots increase to a maximum number, and appear around 15 degrees from the equator. During the next six years, the number of sunspots gradually decreases. Before the last of the old spots disappear, about five degrees from the equator, the first of the new spots appear once more near the 35-degree latitudes.

Another puzzling change heralds the new cycle: the polarity of the sunspot pairs reverses. Thus, if the leading spots of pairs are negative in the northern hemisphere during one eleven-year cycle, they are positive during the next. Even more remarkable, the overall solar magnetic field reverses near the peak of each cycle, the north and south magnetic poles trading places. This strange behavior may result from distortions in the magnetic fields caused by the sun's uneven rate of rotation; for still-unknown reasons, the equatorial regions rotate around the solar axis every 25 days, regions at higher latitudes every 33 days. This strange phenomenon is possible because the sun is a gaseous rather than a solid body.

and moon. These are the vanguard of the main and most dangerous body of particles—mostly protons—that arrive about ten hours later.

Constant Vigil. This time lag has enabled NASA to set up a reasonably reliable Solar Particle Alert Network (SPAN) to protect astronauts from the vagaries of the sun. SPAN consists of six observatories that monitor the sun 24 hours a day. During this week's Apollo flight, they will feed information into a space environment console in Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center, where physicists and medical men will keep a constant vigil. In addition, Pioneer, Vela and other patrolling satellites will report any changes in solar radiation. Should SPAN report a suspicious-looking flare during the Apollo mission at the same time the satellites signal a corresponding increase in high-energy proton radiation, the astronauts in the vulnerable lunar module would be ordered back to the command module forthwith. They should need no more than four hours—well before the deadly mainstream of protons arrives—to dock with the orbiting command module (whose walls provide protection equal to one-

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fifth of an inch of lead, more than enough to withstand any anticipated solar outburst). The art of solar forecasting is still so primitive, however, that many flare alerts could turn out to be false alarms.

Although astronomers admit that they are still novices at short-range solar prediction, they can issue one long-range forecast with some certainty. About 5 billion years from now, they calculate, the sun will have used up the hydrogen fuel in its core. It will then begin burning hydrogen in its outer layers and gradually expand—perhaps to 100 times its present size—turning into a giant red globe that will fill most of the sky when seen from earth. Unfortunately, man will not be around to see this spectacular view. The expanding sun will boil away the oceans, melt rock and heat the earth's surface to 4,000 degrees F. It will leave man's dwelling place a lifeless inferno.

PLANETARY EXPLORATION

Doubleheader on Venus

Right on target, more than four months after leaving the earth, two Russian spacecraft last week plunged into the murky atmosphere of Venus. Both Venus 5 and Venus 6 had apparently stood up well under the rigors of their 21.7-million-mile trips. Each spacecraft successfully ejected an instrumented capsule that radioed back information while parachuting toward the Venusian surface. At week's end, however, both capsules appeared to have fallen victim to intense Venusian heat before making their landings on the planet's surface.

When the 2,491-lb. Venus 5 was 31,000 miles from Venus, Soviet ground controllers sent a signal that separated the instrument capsule from the speeding craft. Protected by a heat shield while its descent was slowing, the capsule eventually deployed a parachute and began radioing information about the temperature, pressure and chemical composition of the atmosphere. After 53 minutes of transmission, the capsule's signals abruptly ceased. With no word from the Russians, Western scientists concluded that the intense heat of the lower atmosphere had disabled the transmitter before the capsule crashed. They recalled that in 1967 a similar Russian capsule—Venus 4—had fallen silent after 90 minutes of transmission, just as it was recording a temperature of 536° F.

Venus 5 was followed a day later by Venus 6, which ejected a capsule that transmitted for 51 minutes before it too died out. Only the Russians could tell how successful their two latest Venus shots had been and how much information had been gathered about the enigmatic planet. Whatever they learned, the Soviets undoubtedly left some mark on Venus. On board the Venus 5 capsule, Tass reported, was a marker bearing a bas-relief of Lenin and the Soviet coat of arms.



When they're looking up to you, are they really looking down at you?

The station wagon on the left is known in some circles as a status symbol.

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Whereas the Volkswagen is short and high and really quite ugly.

The status symbol features a powerful engine.

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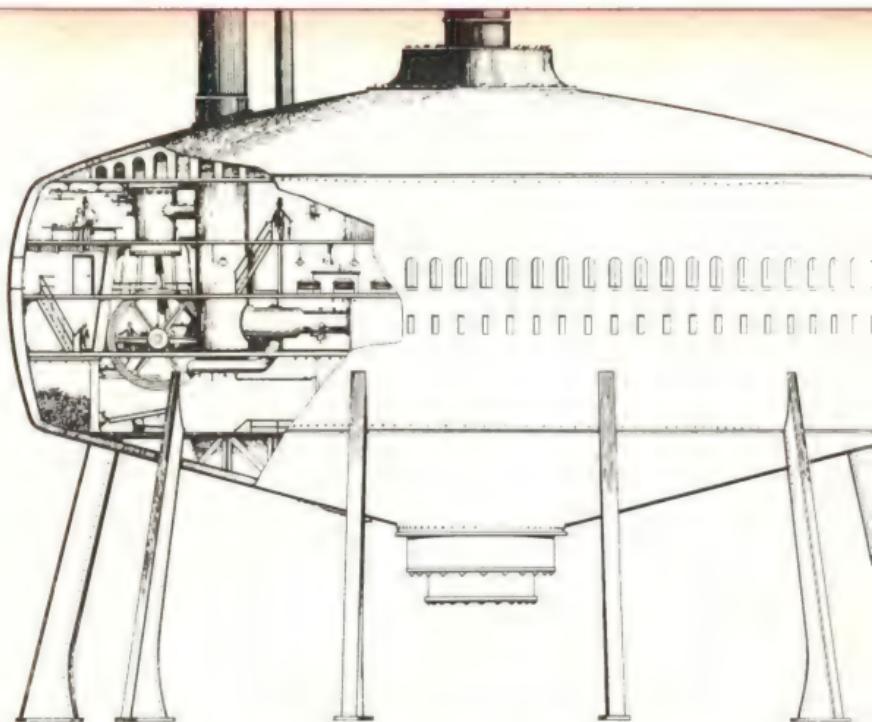
The status symbol boasts roughly 88 cubic feet of carrying space.

The Volkswagen has twice that amount, 176 cubic feet.

Conclusion:

If you're looking for something to show how big you are, then we suggest you get yourself a status symbol.

But if you're looking for something that's just plain big, then maybe it wasn't us who made the mistake after all.



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3. Daiquiri: ½ oz. lime juice and 1 tsp. sugar (or use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix); 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice; strain into cocktail glass.

4. Rum-on-the-rocks: 1½ oz. gold or amber Puerto Rican rum over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glass; add lemon twist, if you like.

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EDUCATION

STUDENTS

It Runs in the Family

In theory, the most embarrassed Americans these days are the parents of student activists. Their own children—leaders in campus rebellions across the country—have been denounced by public officials who range from state legislators right up to the President of the U.S. Campus disorder is topic A among businessmen, at cocktail parties, on editorial pages—and the tone is 99% disapproving. But are the parents really unhappy?

Yes—to the extent that publicity hurts their families. When the press names student leaders, for example, some fathers receive hate mail, lose business orders or feel subtle disapproval by employers. Some fathers are also public officials, an extra burden. The presence of the son of Air Force Secretary Robert C. Seamans Jr., at the recent Harvard sit-in, for instance, was widely noted in press accounts. Like other prominent men in this situation, Seamans refuses to discuss the matter. Equally upset are the parents of some first-generation college students, including poor Negroes, who are baffled when their children seem to reject the grail—a middle-class education.

Help from Home. Even so, a surprisingly large number of parents contacted by TIME reporters are far from angry at the rebels. Of those willing to talk, a majority approved their children's goals but opposed the use of violence, partly because they favor peaceful campus reform and partly because they worry greatly about their children's safety. Contrary to much theory about the activists' psychological motives, there

seems to be little or no generational conflict within such families. Most are very close. In fact, many of the rebels first acquired their liberal ideals from their parents, and have simply taken those ideals a step farther—in some cases, quite a few steps farther.

Many studies have shown that the majority of student activists come from upper-middle-class families of liberal stripe. In a survey of 50 student activists at the University of Chicago last year, Sociologist Richard Flacks found that their parents tended to be highly permissive, intellectual and well-educated; 45% were Jewish (TIME, May 3, 1968). According to Bernice Neugarten, another Chicago sociologist, many activists "seem to be carrying out the family value system [of liberalism] in ways that reflect the 1960s instead of the 1940s." She calls them "new chips off the old block."

Really Delighted. Not only do most campus rebels get implicit support from their parents in the form of money for college costs, but some also receive explicit endorsement for their activism. "I'm quite certain that if I were 23 or 24, I'd be out there with the students," says Novelist Laura Z. Hobson (*Gentleman's Agreement*), whose son was among the 42 rebels expelled after last winter's sit-in at the University of Chicago. Using newspaper advertisements, Mrs. Hobson is helping to conduct a parental protest campaign against the expulsions, which she denounces as "overkill" in reaction to a nonviolent dissent.

Paul Moore Jr., suffragan Episcopal Bishop of Washington and member of the Yale Corporation, says that he is "really delighted" over the part his son

is playing in "his generation's social movement." The younger Moore signed a list of student demands presented to Yale President Kingman Brewster and was among those who ostentatiously walked out of the Yale senior-class dinner last month, when McGeorge Bundy, who on most campuses is considered an architect of the Viet Nam war, began to speak. Bishop Moore's son also criticized ROTC at an open meeting of the Yale Corporation, while his father listened. "ROTC really shouldn't have been on the campus in the first place," says the bishop.

One of Harvard's black student leaders, Leslie F. ("Skip") Griffin Jr., gets tactical advice from his father, the Rev. Leslie F. Griffin, who has led the 18-year fight to integrate public schools in Virginia's Prince Edward County. Griffin is "pleased and proud" that his son is a campus militant. "I've always tried to teach my children the nonviolent way, but never to give up if the struggle is right and just." During the Harvard disturbances, his son telephoned to discuss how far the students should go in pressing their demands, and whether they should "attempt to close the institution, or stop short of it." In this instance, Griffin counseled moderation. Other Negro parents of activist leaders concur. Says the father of a black militant at Radcliffe: "I believe they should push, but that bloodshed isn't necessary. They shouldn't get themselves expelled."

Means v. Ends. Such parents often seem to project their own youthful idealism into what their children are doing, which may explain why so many approve. A typical example is Saul Rubin, board chairman of Acme Missiles & Construction Corp. on Long Island, who admires his son's activism at Brandeis. "I'm proud of Nick's involvement,"

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MOORE



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says Rabkin. "Perhaps he's doing what I didn't have the guts to do." Critic Alfred Kazin, father of one of Harvard's most flamboyant S.D.S. leaders, told the *Wall Street Journal*: "I don't always agree with Mike, but I admire him very, very much. I think he has the good of society at heart, which is better than thinking of money all your life or killing Vietnamese people. I just think he's a great guy—he's one of those Americans who's not thinking about himself. He's an idealist."

All the same, Mike Kazin, a top student, is also an angry young man who, among other things, affixed a list of demands to Harvard President Nathan Pusey's front door. Such hard-line methods have increasingly disturbed even the most admiring parents. Says Edmund W. Pugh Jr., a Weyerhaeuser Co. executive whose son was suspended from Stanford after a sit-in: "We have a great feeling of compassion toward David as his idealism clashes with organized society. But I don't approve of their tactics. There is a proper way to express dissent: through the spoken and written word." Dr. Maurice Osborne Jr., past president of the American College Health Association, is perfectly prepared to view the peaceful occupation of a building as "an honest confrontation with intellectual honesty and moral force." But Dr. Osborne, a Tufts administrator whose son was among 174 students arrested at Harvard, says that "nonnegotiable demands are absurd. When the administration doesn't capitulate, the students think that they can do anything they want, including sacking the files." No small group, he says, "has the right to be coercive and deny access to jobs or classes." Even while defending her son, Laura Hobson says: "Means shape ends. If you have guns and violence, you are going to end up with even more totalitarianism."

Unfortunately, the evidence so far is that while activist students have fully absorbed their parents' social concern, they have not inherited their tactical moderation. In the long run, the result could be very disillusioning for the parents.

Coping with Confrontation

The two worst ways to handle student protest are surrender and repression. Either choice splits a campus into angry factions and almost guarantees future disorders. Is there a third way—a method that retains reason yet permits confrontation?

At Dartmouth College, strong sentiment against the Viet Nam war has long focused on the nearest target: ROTC. In democratic fashion, the college last month submitted the issue to a student referendum. Duly reflecting the results, the faculty then voted to abolish ROTC over a four-year period so that incoming freshmen who are counting on military scholarships will not be penalized. The plan did not satisfy a radical minority led by members of Students for a Democratic Society. Calling for the

immediate abolition of ROTC, they vowed to stage "an act of civil disobedience."

Instead of adopting fluster or bluster, Dartmouth's President John Sloan Dickey coolly warned that he would seek a court injunction and summon police if any buildings were seized by students. Both sides thus knew precisely where events were taking them, in sharp contrast to recent campus collisions across the country.

Ancient Aberration. When 100 radicals seized the Dartmouth administration building, Dickey & Co. went to work. Armed with an injunction, the local sheriff read it over a bullhorn and ordered the invaders to leave. Two hours later, a deputy warned the occupiers that they were liable for contempt of court. Meantime, New Hampshire Gov-

KENIAN N. BORCHARD



DARTMOUTH'S DICKEY
No fluster, no bluster.

ernor Walter Peterson, a Dartmouth alumnus and trustee, mustered a force of state troopers and personally directed them to shun violence.

At 3 a.m., twelve hours after the occupation began, the cops left their riot clubs behind and headed for Dartmouth. With equal calm, one radical announced over a bullhorn: "We want no violence. Do not taunt the cops. The people inside will not resist."

No one suffered a scratch. Hauled limply out of the building, 45 demonstrators, including five girls, were fined \$100 apiece and sentenced to 30 days in jail. It was the harshest mass punishment of student protesters so far. It was also a proud experience for the demonstrators, who willingly paid the price for what they considered an antwar stand. Dartmouth itself emerged with equal integrity. "My concern," says President Dickey, "is that youth's perennial commitment to a better human future should not today be betrayed by the most ancient aberration of hard-pressed humanity—the notion that anything goes in having your own way."

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MUSIC

CONDUCTORS

Laureate's Farewell

For his three scheduled concerts with the New York Philharmonic last week, Leonard Bernstein chose a single work: Mahler's exalted but nostalgic *Symphony No. 3* for contralto, massed choruses and orchestra. It was an appropriate choice: Bernstein has done more than any man alive to popularize Mahler. The concerts were the last that he will give as the orchestra's musical director. At the end of the 105-minute performances, Bernstein received standing ovations, and he was near tears as he embraced the soloist and first-desk musicians. The orchestra, at an emotion-laden private party, gave him a

less than a sellout. Although the orchestra could play dispiritedly for *antipatico* guest conductors, at its best it was the equal of any in the world. Proof was the power, sweep and controlled passion of last week's stunning performances of the Mahler *Third*.

Boléfie Leaps. Purists complained of Bernstein's balletic leaps and flamboyant podium style, but he used his showmanship to the Philharmonic's advantage. Thanks to his records and televised concerts, he made the orchestra almost as much of a national as a New York institution. Although Bernstein's reputation as a champion of new music is a trifle inflated, he gave the U.S. and world première of 42 works, including 26 pieces by American composers (one of them his own).

George Szell of the Cleveland Orchestra has agreed to take on the additional duty of music adviser to the Philharmonic. Next season he will share its podium with five younger guest conductors—all of them potential candidates to succeed Bernstein. They are America's Lorin Maazel, Hungary's Istvan Kertesz, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos of the National Orchestra of Spain, as well as two men who once served as Bernstein's assistants: Japan's Seiji Ozawa and Claudio Abbado of Milan's La Scala.

Time for Composing. As for Bernstein, he flies off this week to conduct Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* for the 100th anniversary of the Vienna State Opera, "and that will be the end of my conducting until 1970." The new time found will be for composing. He will confer with Italian Director Franco Zeffirelli about a joint project—"almost a sort of filmed opera"—and he has a commission to do a musical theater work for the opening of Washington's Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in the fall of 1970.



BERNSTEIN WITH MEZUZAH

Not quite final.

silver-and-gold mezuzah, sculpted by Artist Resa Schor; the directors of the Philharmonic presented him with a 19-ft.-long speedboat, so that Lenny can practice his skills as a water-skier on Long Island Sound near his Connecticut country home.

In fact, the farewell was not really the most final of finales. Bernstein will continue to direct televised children's concerts with the orchestra and serve as a guest conductor, and the Philharmonic has honored him for life with the quaint title of Laureate Conductor. Even so, his ten-year tenure as music director was a particularly personal and successful relationship. The first American-born conductor to head a front-rank U.S. orchestra, he was chosen to succeed the late Dimitri Mitropoulos in 1958; since then, subscriptions rose from 9,886 to 25,570, and concerts at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, at least when Lenny conducted, were seldom

RECORDINGS

Back to God

The piano plunks out a few chords, the snare picks up the beat, a bongo drum is tapped infectiously, and a low, husky female voice calls out to a chorus of men and women, which answers each phrase:

*Oh happy day,
Oh happy day,
When Jesus washed,
When Jesus washed,
When Jesus washed,
He washed the sins away.*

Words to clap hands by in a Negro church on Sunday night? Not really. They just happen to be the stuff of the nation's No. 5 single on the *Billboard* Hot 100 chart. Composed, arranged and conducted by Edwin Hawkins, the 25-year-old son of an Oakland, Calif., long-

shoreman, *Oh Happy Day* is far and away the surprise hit of the year. From Los Angeles to Boston, its bubbling, infectious sound is being aired ten to 20 times a day on Negro rhythm-and-blues stations, easy-listening stations, even rock stations. The LP from which the single was taken, *Let Us Go into the House of the Lord*, is doing almost as well. "It is good for gospel to go pop," says Hawkins. "It might bring the kids back to God."

Hawkins and Soprano Betty Watson founded the Northern California State Youth Choir in April 1967, drawing upon leading singers from Pentecostal choirs throughout the San Francisco area. Last year they made a private recording (1,000 copies) of Hawkins' gospel-song arrangements. San Francisco Chronicle Columnist Ralph J. Gleason heard it, gave it a plug or two, and

CRAN/SHUTTER



HAWKINS & SINGERS

And the kids are dancing.

record companies started a bidding war for the album. New York's Buddah Records got there first and capped the deal with a \$55,000 advance and a \$25,000 bonus. Buddah changed the group's name to the Edwin Hawkins Singers, put the record out—and the world smiled.

Success has not brought Hawkins all the peace and quiet he might have expected. For one thing, several R. & B. stations have refused to play *Oh Happy Day* on their soul shows because they regard gospel as too sacred for dancing. For another, the success of *Oh Happy Day* has spawned a rash of imitators. The biggest shock of all, however, is that two of Hawkins' soloists have quit and gone out on their own. One of them, Betty Watson, has even organized her own group, taken the old name of Hawkins' chorus, and agreed to appear at the West Coast's leading rock palace, the Fillmore West.



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RELIGION

THEOLOGY

Is Heresy Dead?

Heresy is the lifeblood of religion. There are no heresies in a dead religion.

—André Suarès

By that standard, Roman Catholicism is surely alive and well. Unbothered by papal warnings against dissent and rebellion, Catholic theologians are today publicly questioning established dogma in a way that might have earned them excommunication in the 19th century and execution in the 16th. Several Dutch thinkers, for example, have tried to redefine the doctrine of transubstantiation in the Eucharist, which was made dogma at the Council of Trent; others have proposed radical new ideas on original sin (TIME, March 21). Even the conventional concepts of God, the Trinity, the divinity of Christ and the reality of his Resurrection are considered open for theological reconsideration. Last month, in an effort to establish the boundaries of such searching, Pope Paul VI appointed a 30-man international commission of theologians to study, among other questions, the distinction between heresy and the permissible limits of dissent within the church.

The creation of the commission was unquestionably the mildest reply that doctrinal dissent has ever received in Roman Catholic history. In the days of the medieval Inquisition, even heretics who offered to recant were burned at the stake for having dared to question at all. During the first decade of the 20th century, Modernists like French Abbe Alfred Loisy, who championed scholarly Biblical criticism, and British Jesuit George Tyrrell who urged the revision of old dogmatic formulas, were excommunicated for beliefs that have become commonplace in the post-conciliar church. Vatican II was indeed a watershed. Not since the Council has Rome formally condemned anyone as a heretic.

Moral Sustion. For many Christian thinkers, Catholic and Protestant alike, the whole notion of heresy has become a treacherous one. In fact, heresy may be as dead as God was supposed to be. Except for extremely conservative denominations, most Protestant bodies have abandoned the idea that a communicant can be expelled or punished for denying an article of faith. After an abortive attempt to condemn the Rt. Rev. James A. Pike* for heresy by the Episcopal House of Bishops, a committee of prelates concluded that moral suasion and intellectual arguments were the only means the church had to keep dissidents in line.

* Who announced last month that he is leaving the Episcopal Church, partially because it is a "dying institution" and partially because Bishop C. Kilmer Myers of San Francisco refused to officiate at Pike's third marriage—to his research assistant, Diane Kennedy.

One of the problems with heresy is that its very existence depends upon an outdated concept of what faith is—adherence to a particular body of doctrine rather than an inner spiritual commitment. According to Lutheran Theologian Joseph Sittler of the University of Chicago, "Heresy is a workable notion when faith is identified with propositions, but it becomes a flexible notion when a distinction is made between the reality of faith and statements made about it." Catholic Theologian Eugene C. Bianchi of Emory University suggests that the whole notion of heresy rests on the presumption that doctrine is static rather than dynamic and subject to change.

Language Limitations. Father Daniel C. Maguire of Catholic University goes so far as to suggest that the concept of heresy may disappear as the church "moves away from totally verbal, formal expression to a symbolic expression of belief." For him, as indeed for many other theologians, the problem is that the limitations of language make any doctrinal formulations of belief inadequate and thus always open to clarification and revision. Redemptorist Francis X. Murphy of Rome's Accademia Alfoniana suggests that most of today's supposed heretics are not in fact denying basic dogmas but simply the outdated concepts that surround them. "It is not deviation in the basic dogma," he says, "but in theological explanations given for these dogmas."

On the other hand, some theologians contend that the notion of heresy ought to be itself redefined rather than dropped entirely. In their view, a heretic is not so much one who questions a specific traditional doctrine but one who fails to live

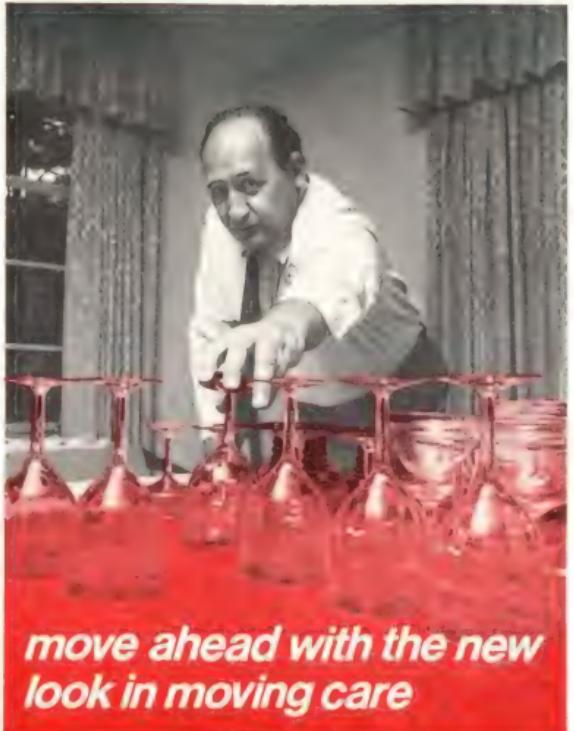
and think in harmony with the essential Christian commandment of love. One form of modern heresy, proposes Bianchi, "might be that which destroys human freedom and man's ability to develop and communicate, such as economic exploitation, racism and imperialistic wars." In a new book called *Do We Need the Church?*, Father Richard McBrien of Pope John XXIII Seminary near Boston suggests that a selfish exponent of rugged individualism who ignores the plight of the poor is much more of a heretic than someone who doubts, for instance, the Assumption of Mary.

When Dissent Destroys. Nonetheless, Christianity is based on certain axiomatic beliefs—the existence of God, for example—and the church, like any other community, has the right to protect its own identity. But how? Christian thinkers tend to be guarded in their answers. Jesuit Joseph Fichter of Harvard Divinity School proposes that the question of whether a man is a heretic or not "should be left in the hands of God." Episcopal Theologian John Macquarrie suggests that the limits of disbelief should be set "when dissent begins to destroy the community." In any event, reaction to such dissent will not take the harsh form it often did in the past. "Condemnation of their views should be sufficient," says Catholic Philosopher Daniel Callahan. "Even in a reformed church community, people are likely to be swayed by a strong condemnation."

By and large, theologians regard the new papal commission as a promising step forward in dealing with the troubling question of heresy. Although its membership includes several orthodox doctrinaires, it is graced with the presence of such thoughtful progressives as German Jesuit Karl Rahner. Father Walter Burghardt of Woodstock College and Canadian Philosopher Bernard Lon-



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ergan. Since some of these men— notably Rahner—have been themselves suspected of heterodoxy in the past, they are unlikely to set a narrow limit on the right of intellectual dissent.

MONASTICISM

End of an Adventure

High on a plateau in the Middle Atlas Mountains stands a rambling complex of rough-hewn rock buildings. These days the buildings are quiet; overhead, crows caw and buzzards scream; grass creeps through chinks in the pavement. Only three soldiers, stationed there to prevent looting, are now camped where a community of Benedictine monks so recently thrived. The monastery of Toumliline, a hopeful experiment of Christian witness in Moslem Morocco, is closed, probably forever.

Toumliline was founded above the Berber town of Azrou in 1952 by a group of French monks who chose the site—about 100 miles southeast of the Moroccan capital of Rabat—because it was suitably remote for contemplation. At first, French colonial authorities tried to persuade the monks to Christianize the area's Berber tribesmen (and thus play them off against Arab nationalists in the cities), but Prior Dom Denis Martin and his monks refused to cooperate. "It would be criminal to convert Moslems," said Dom Denis, explaining that any converts would be outcasts in their own country. Instead, the monks set about building a monastery, planting an orchard and quietly living their contemplative life. Only after a year of close watching did nearby Berber villagers send a delegation of turbanned notables to indicate that the newcomers were welcome.

Political Complexities. Children soon followed in crowds to see the *marabouts* (holy men). The monks responded by opening a school for them and the children of French settlers. When the villagers learned that one monk was a doctor, the monastery was besieged with sick calls and a dispensary was opened. Much against their will, the monks were drawn into the complexities of Moroccan politics. One day during the summer of 1954, a group of Arab nationalist prisoners from a nearby detention camp, working on a water main near the monastery, complained of the heat and their thirst. The prior dispatched some monks with mint-flavored tea, a favorite Moroccan drink, for the prisoners. When the local French commandant ordered him to stop, he refused, explaining simply that it was "elementary Christian charity."

It was also, inadvertently, Toumliline's passport to fame. When Morocco became independent in 1956, several of the prisoners that Toumliline had helped became members of the new government. One of them, Driss M'hammedi, remained the second most powerful man in the country, next to King Hassan II, until his death two months ago. In 1957,



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a high Moslem official went so far as to call Toumliline "a lesson and a school, a center for cohabitation between Christian and Moslem." It became a meeting place for international conferences between Moslems and Christians. King Hassan exulted in "the climate of co-operation" that Toumliline exemplified in his country, which is 97% Moslem. The monastery even inspired a book called *Benedictine and Moor: A Christian Adventure in Moslem Morocco*.

Then, in 1965, the political climate began to change. Hassan dissolved Parliament, suppressed political parties, and moved sharply toward authoritarian rule. He also made it clear that the monks of Toumliline, because of their liberalism and influence on the Berber countryside, were less welcome than they used to be. Meantime, the monastery was hav-



KING HASSAN & PRIOR MARTIN
Elementary passport to fame.

ing its own troubles. Water supplies dried up, and the orchard withered away. The cattle on its dairy ranch died off mysteriously. A project for a chicken farm evaporated when a French civilian manager swindled the monks out of all their capital. Once numbering 40, the monks drifted off to other monasteries and assignments. By 1968 the community was down to seven.

Cherished Meditation. Last June, King Hassan told the remaining monks that they would have to leave their monastery. They could have moved to Rabat, where most of Morocco's remaining 140,000 Christians live. But the city was hardly the place for what they still cherished most: meditation. During the winter, the last three monks of Toumliline returned to France. Though they retain some hope of going back to Morocco, the monastery itself has been sold to the government. The Moroccan Interior Ministry plans to turn it into a summer camp for city children.



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ADVENTURES

The Uncommon Men

Some men satisfy their sporting instincts by chasing golf balls around fairways. Others like to lose themselves in a game of checkers or a televised football match. Then there are the thrill seekers, a wild and often winning lot who delight in doing what has never been done.

Bruce Tulloh, the former British Olympic distance runner, is panting across the plains of Oklahoma in an attempt to run from Los Angeles to New York in a record 66 days. Four of his countrymen are pushing their dog sleds toward Spitsbergen, Norway, in the last days of a 16-month, 2,000-mile trek across the Arctic. This summer, eight men from East Africa will try to follow up their successful ascent of Mount Kilimanjaro (elevation: 19,340 ft.) by climbing Mount Everest (29,028 ft.); all are blind. Stunt Man Evel Knievel plans to race a jet-powered motorcycle down a ramp at 280 m.p.h. and—God and the authorities willing—jump across the Grand Canyon. Last week Henry Carr, Detroit Lions defensive back and former Olympic 200-meter-dash champion, raced a pacer over a 110-yd. course and won by 10 yds. "I never beat the horses at the betting window," he said, "so I wanted to see if I could beat them on the track."

Walk on Water. At sea, the two remaining contestants in the first single-handed, nonstop sailboat race around the world are trying to better the record of 312 days set last month by Britain's Robin Knox-Johnston. A one-time big-game hunter and whisky smuggler named John Fairfax is rowing a 22-ft. boat 3,300 miles from the Canary Islands to Florida. Honors for freakish

PIRE LUTON



SLOVAK EMBARKING ON TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT

One way to unwind.

firsts, though, must go to Aleksander Wozniak, a Polish exile and former R.A.F. fighter pilot, who fashioned a pair of 3-ft.-long, canoe-shaped shoes out of wood and walked 33 miles down the Thames from Marlow to Westminster Bridge.

Daring or daffy as these ventures may be, none has attracted a more mixed assortment of self-styled adventurers than last week's transatlantic air race, a circulation-building stunt sponsored by the London *Daily Mail*. Held in commemoration of the first nonstop crossing of the Atlantic, by two British pilots in a Vickers Vimy biplane in 1919, the race had 390 entrants from ten countries competing for \$144,000 in prizes in such bizarre categories as the best performances by a Swiss or a resident of New York State. The contestants included one-time Racing Car Champion Stirling Moss and a chimp named Tina, who was vying for honors as "most meritorious performance by a Commonwealth citizen." For all of them, the hardest part was not the flying but getting to and from the check-in stations atop the Empire State Building in New York and the General Post Office in London. Royal Navy Pilot Peter Goddard, who won \$14,400 for the fastest performance (with a time of 5 hr. 11 min. 22 sec.), confessed that things went so smoothly in his F-4K Phantom jet that he got bored and started reading.

To at least one contestant, though, the challenge lay in the flying, not in the frills. Czechoslovak-born Mira Slovak, 39, clocked one of the slowest transatlantic crossing times since Columbus—175 hr. 42 min. 7 sec.—yet still won \$2,400 for "the best performance in a plane weighing under 5,000 lbs." Slovak's aircraft was the smallest

ever to cross the Atlantic: an 860-lb. German-made Fournier RF 4 glider powered only by a 36-h.p. Volkswagen auto engine. Since the plane carried only 46 gallons of fuel, he made frequent stops (longest hop: 1,000 miles from Labrador to Greenland)—but he never cut his power and simply glided. His 6-ft., 1-in., 175-lb. frame scrunched into the cockpit of the toylike craft, he flew as low as 200 ft. to avoid bad weather, encountered such stiff headwinds over Canada that "even the cars on the ground were passing me."

Among the dozens of publicity seekers and assorted kooks in the race, Slovak was one of the very few to whom such adventures are a way of life. A year ago, after picking up a plane in West Germany, he flew it back to the U.S. safely. Then just 19 ft. from the runway of his home field in Santa Paula, Calif., the plane was caught in a strong downdraft and slammed into the ground. Unconscious for the next week, Slovak suffered eleven broken bones in his left arm, a deep head gash, six broken ribs, a collapsed lung and intestinal injuries. While recuperating, he received an invitation to compete in the transatlantic race. "I thought it was a bad joke," he recalls. "But as the wounds healed, the bad feelings disappeared, and then I wanted to try things again."

The Wild Czech. Slovak's first truly memorable adventure occurred in 1953, when, as the youngest captain in the Czechoslovakian Airline, he hijacked a C-47 carrying 25 passengers and flew to West Germany. After eight months of interrogation by the CIA he was allowed to come to the U.S., where he worked for two years as a crop-dusting pilot in the Western states. In 1956, though he had never raced anything faster than a kayak, he took up hydroplane racing. Two years later, the "Wild Czech" was the national champion.

For relaxation, Slovak began stunt flying in World War II fighter planes, doing such tricks as flying upside down



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just 50 ft. above the ground with his hands dangling down. Soon he was gunning his growling Grumman Bearcat around 50-ft. pylons and, in the suicidal pastime of air racing, flying wing tip to wing tip at 400 m.p.h. In 1964, he became the national champion of that sport also. Cavorting in small planes, says Slovak, "helps me unwind and stop being a part of the computer. It makes me a better pilot when I get back to the big planes." The big planes are the 707 jets he pilots for a national airline whose name, he pleads, must be kept secret. Airline officials are fearful that passengers might feel a little uneasy if they knew that the Wild Czech was at the controls.

Basic Coward. They should not. Though Slovak has been hospitalized five times in a career that has cost him a broken back, a broken leg, 23 teeth

PICTORIAL PARADE



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and badly damaged kidneys, he is a stickler for safety. "Basically, I'm a coward. If I thought I would be killed, I wouldn't take on these adventures." Then why flirt with danger in the first place? "I love the challenge," he says. A U.S. citizen since 1960, he adds: "In this country, you can try for anything you want, and what I want is to be an uncommon man."

Crossing the Atlantic is "the most lonely feeling in the world," he says, "but it teaches you a good lesson. If you think you are so great, so untouchable, then you won't feel that way too long when you are out there. It's just a wasteland — water under you and clouds around you, and there you are with your life depending on that little put-put in front. You always remember that feeling. It changes your whole outlook on life." To keep that feeling alive, Slovak will take up yet another uncommon sport after he returns to his home in Santa Monica, Calif. He intends to pilot hot-air balloons.

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THE LAW

TORTS

Expensive Lesson

Automobile manufacturers have long seemed convinced that it did not pay for them to pay more attention to safety, because the public did not want to bear the cost. Increasingly, however, the automakers are finding that soft-pedaling safety can cost them quite a bit too. General Motors learned that lesson with its Corvair line, which it dropped last week (see BUSINESS). Recent court decisions in four states suggest that any car that fails to measure up to reasonable safety standards may prove highly expensive in terms of damages. Each of the cases involved a decision extending the liability of manufacturers:

► The Supreme Courts of Texas and California both ruled that a bystander injured by a faulty car may sue and collect damages from the car's manufacturer without having to prove negligence (anyone other than the owner or user is generally known in legal shorthand as a bystander). In most earlier cases only owners or users of a faulty vehicle had been exempted from proving negligence on the part of the manufacturer. But in Texas, two passengers in a car hit by a Ford truck with defective brakes were permitted to sue the manufacturer of the truck under the more liberal rule. In California, the driver of a car that was hit by a new Rambler—after the Rambler's drive shaft fell out—was similarly granted permission to sue American Motors. Summing up the reasoning of the Supreme Courts in both states, California Justice Raymond Peters wrote: "Consumers and users, at least, have the opportunity to inspect for defects and to limit their purchases to articles manufactured by reputable manufacturers. The bystander ordinarily has no such opportunities."

► The Alaska Supreme Court ruled that manufacturers owe more than a simple warranty obligation to the purchaser of a new car. A Plymouth station wagon had been driven only two weeks when its owner was overcome by carbon monoxide and suffered brain damage. Some plugs normally placed in holes in the body were found to be missing, enabling the gas to seep into the car. Chrysler argued that the laws governing its highly publicized five-year warranty should be controlling. Not persuaded, the court added Alaska to a growing list of states that now make manufacturers strictly liable for any defect that ought not to exist—warranties not-

withstanding. The object, said Justice Buell Nesbett, "is to ensure that the cost of injuries resulting from defective products are borne by the manufacturers rather than by the injured persons, who are powerless to protect themselves."

► A U.S. district court judge in Pennsylvania held that accidents are now so common that manufacturers are liable if their cars prove unreasonably unsafe in a crash. The suit was brought by a woman who was riding in a Buick hardtop that flipped over. The roof collapsed, and the woman contended that it was defective and had added to her injuries. General Motors replied that accidents are not part of the normal and foreseeable use of the car. Judge John

Yers would like to leave such cases to others and concentrate more on urban renewal, school decentralization and consumer fraud. "We ought to radicalize," says one. The fund's leaders, who no longer have any connection with the N.A.A.C.P., are committed to the mop-up in civil rights, but they understand the urge to attack ghetto problems. Says Director-Counsel Jack Greenberg: "As over racial barriers came down, we perceived that racial problems were linked to poverty and that they could only be resolved when poverty problems were also resolved."

In fact, the fund is already scoring some impressive breakthroughs in poverty law and related areas. A three-year, \$1,000,000 Ford Foundation grant established an L.D.F. subsidiary, the National Office for the Rights of the Indigent (NORI), in 1967. Concluding that capital punishment was almost always imposed on poor, frequently black defendants, NORI was instrumental in achieving the de facto moratorium on executions that has prevailed in the U.S. since June 2, 1967.

NORI also has a suit pending in New York to give consumers the right to bring "class actions" that would allow bilked customers to band together and avoid the prohibitive cost of fighting small claim suits one at a time. Other suits seek to bar urban-renewal projects from destroying ghetto areas without relocating residents and to compel cities to provide adequate lighting, fire protection and sanitation in the ghetto.

For all the activity, some of the fund's lawyers remain restive. "Sure, we're setting precedents in criminal and poverty law," says NORI's supervisor, Michael Meltsner, 32. "But what gnaws at me is the feeling that we may not be changing things that much." Meltsner, a Yale Law graduate and white, argues that the fund should be "closer to the action. I think we should be representing the militants."

Still, the fund remains one of the most satisfying places for a young lawyer to work. When it was launched in 1939, it had one attorney—Thurgood Marshall. Now it has 25, about half of them black. Though relatively small, the group argued more cases before the Supreme Court in 1968 than any other organization, except for the Justice Department. "Look," says Meltsner, acknowledging the satisfactions, "I'm a member of a group of people who are keeping 37 states with the death penalty from killing men. I sleep well." But there are spells of wakefulness. "So long as that great abomination, the ghetto, still exists out there," he adds, "we're all going to feel a little guilty."



WRECKED BUICK IN PENNSYLVANIA
Measure up or pay up.

Fullam found that defense too narrow. While automakers cannot be required to build a "crashproof" car, he said, "passengers must be provided with a reasonably safe container within which to make the journey."

LAWYERS

Commandos into the Ghetto

For years, the brilliant young lawyers of the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc. were the constitutional commandos of the civil rights movement. L.D.F., as it is known, was the legal ramrod in arguing the rights of Negroes—most notably in the 1954 school desegregation decision, *Brown v. Board of Education*. But now that the legal beachheads have been established, the fund, which last week celebrated its 30th anniversary, is in the midst of an identity crisis.

In recent years, the fund has continued applying civil rights precedents in imaginative but relatively undramatic follow-up suits. Many of its younger law-

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BEHAVIOR

LANGUAGE

The Un-Isness of Is

For several years now, D. David Bourland Jr. has conscientiously scrubbed from his discourse and his writing all forms of the verb "to be." The first time he tried to do this, it gave him a headache. Now the practice comes so naturally that Bourland's listeners and readers are not likely to notice the omission. On the contrary, they are likely to be struck by the lucidity of his expression, which is commendably unambiguous if not always very lyrical. Where most people might render harsh judgment on themselves with "I'm no good at math," Bourland would express the thought with far less immutability: "I did not receive good grades in math," or "I did less well at math than at other subjects."

Unlike the California musician who once wrote a novel without the letter "e" just to see if it could be done, Bourland, 40, is not an eccentric visionary. He is the highly skilled president of Information Research Associates, a McLean, Va., think tank that does classified systems development for the U.S. Navy. Bourland, who has a master's degree in business administration from Harvard, was also a student at the Institute of General Semantics in Lakeville, Conn., where he became an ardent disciple of the linguistic theories of the leading prophet of general semantics, Alfred Korzybski. In Korzybski's view, the verb "to be" was a dangerous and frequently misused word that was responsible for much of mankind's semantic difficulties. Going the master one better, Bourland has led a one-man crusade for the adoption of "E-prime"—which is his name for the English language minus "to be."

All Is Change. The semanticist's objection to the verb "to be" is based on certain philosophical convictions. One is a stern rejection of an axiom of classical logic, the principle of identity—that A is A, or a rose is a rose. In fact, argued Korzybski, the basic principle of life is not identity but, as the elliptical pre-Socratic philosopher Heraclitus put it, that all is change. Time and movement are inexorable, and in the fraction of a second that a rose is described it has already begun to alter.

The second philosophical conviction is that language influences behavior. Mankind is much less aware of the implacable reality of change simply because his language is dominated by the verb "to be," which implies a static quality of illusory permanence. "Our language," says Bourland, "remains the language of absolutes. The chief offender remains the verb 'to be.' The spurious identity it so readily connotes perverts our perception of reality."

One semantic harm done by "to be" is that it tempts man into erroneous



OLIVIER AS HAMLET (1948)
To be is not to be.

value judgments. Korzybski noted dryly that a rose is not at all "red" to those afflicted by color blindness, and that redness itself is not a reality but a quality of reflected light to which the description "red" is arbitrarily assigned. Better to say, Korzybski suggested, "I classify this rose as red," or "I see the rose as red."

Undemonstrated Conclusions. E-prime, Bourland firmly insists, has certain advantages over conventional English. Certain questions that semanticists as well as many analytical philosophers regard as poorly structured—"What is man?" "What is art?", or Hamlet's famous "To be or not to be"—simply disappear as unaskable. Another is the



SEMANTICIST KORZYBSKI (1944)
Some don't see the rose as red.

elimination of essentially empty phrases—"Boys will be boys," for example, or "We know this is the right thing to do." A third advantage is that the E-prime user cannot blandly take refuge in waffling statements based on factually undemonstrated conclusions—sentences that begin with, say, "It is known that," or "It is certain."

Despite the stirring rhetorical flair of the Declaration of Independence, Bourland is even willing to rewrite it, in the interest of semantic clarity. In the standard text, the first sentence reads: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." A somewhat more prosaic E-Prime version: "We make the following assumptions: All citizens have equal political rights. All citizens simply by virtue of their existence have certain inalienable rights, including life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Bourland notes with some satisfaction that a number of scientific papers, not all done by Korzybski disciples, are now being written in E-prime; he is currently writing a book on how to speak and write without recourse to Isness. From personal experience, he claims that the use of E-prime can force a self-conscious but salutary revision in the speaker's outlook on life. "Once you realize that every time you say 'is' you tell a lie," he says, "you begin to think less of a thing's identity and more of its function. I find it much harder to be dishonest now."

SOCIAL SERVICES

Blind Men Are Made

More than 800 social service organizations and programs seek to help the approximately 1,000,000 blind men, women and children in the United States. According to a devastating and controversial new survey of how the blind are treated, most of these well-intentioned service groups actually encourage a sense of helplessness and dependency on the part of their clients. In *The Making of Blind Men* (Russell Sage Foundation, \$6), Princeton Sociologist Robert A. Scott contends that the agencies have paid far more attention to helping society tuck the social problem of blind people out of sight than to meeting the needs of the afflicted.

"The overwhelming majority of people who are classified as blind can, in fact, see and function as sighted persons in most important areas of everyday life," writes Scott. "There is nothing inherent in the condition that requires a blind person to be docile, dependent or helpless. Blindness is a social role that people must learn to play. Blind men are made."

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Before long the trap has quietly closed.

mal vision is legally blind; with anything more than that, he merely has "a difficulty seeing." Scott contends that with most agencies this definition is an invitation to relentless type-casting. "A client's request for help with a reading problem produces a recommendation for a comprehensive psychological work-up. Inquiries regarding financial or medical aid may elicit the suggestion that he enroll in a complicated long-term program of testing and training. He may be expected to learn Braille, even though special lenses would enable him to read ordinary or enlarged print."

As for clients who resist agency proposals, they are often labeled as "uninsightful," assigned low priorities for job programs and all but written off as hopeless cases. The result, says Scott, is that "the alert client quickly learns to behave as workers expect him to." Too many agencies for the blind offer their clients few choices for job training except a "sheltered workshop," where they make simple handicrafts and numbly acquire "skills and methods of production that may be unknown in most commercial industries." Before long, the trap has quietly closed. Now psychologically blind, Scott charges, the patient is "maladjusted to the larger community, and can function effectively only within the agency's controlled environment."

Scott admits that the agencies are not exclusively to blame. Many of them have tried genuine rehabilitation with their patients and have been rebuffed. "The blind person who deliberately thrusts himself into the everyday life of the community is soon treated as a nuisance; the blindness worker who pursues too seriously the goal of reintegration soon wears out his welcome. There is an unacknowledged desire on the part of the public to avoid contact with blind persons, a covert yet stubborn resistance to any genuine movement of blind people from the agency

back into the mainstream of community life." Although such public distaste is deep, Scott says, the agencies have made few educational efforts to change it. He also contends that the agencies tend to restrict their services to those blind people whom the public finds most acceptable: children with no other handicaps and employable adults. The result is that even the occasional benefits of agency programs are generally not available to such groups as women and the elderly, who make up roughly 80% of all blind people in the U.S.

Adjusted Veterans. One organization that Scott exempts from criticism is the Federal Government, at least in its treatment of blinded military veterans. They receive more generous payments than other blind people get under the Social Security Act, and their income is not reduced if they go back to work. After an average of four months in a rehabilitation center, they go back to their homes to find jobs. The treatment may be tough, but it works. Studies have shown that blinded veterans do statistically better than other sightless Americans in adapting to normal life.

The experience of sightless military veterans is the most dramatic proof of Scott's conclusion that the blind could be better trained to lead independent, dignified lives—if the agencies would change their ways. In rebuttal, agency spokesmen strongly contend that Scott's brush is much too broad. They correctly note that many progressive organizations for the blind, such as New York's Lighthouse, have modified their methods since the study began. Ultimately, Scott's attack on help for the blind raises larger questions than those he studied specifically. Most notably, do the same stereotyped expectations that make the blind dependent on the agencies that serve them apply also to programs designed for the mentally retarded, the physically handicapped and even the ghetto poor?

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THE PRESS

REPORTERS

Spying on the Spy

Any spy who is foolhardy enough to make speeches is fair game for the press. CIA Director Richard Helms learned that the hard way when he tried to speak off the record to the Business Council at the Homestead Inn in Hot Springs, Va. Arguing that anything Helms had to say to 125 of the nation's top business executives could hardly endanger national security, reporters pleaded with the CIA chief for at least a briefing. They even carried their complaints to the Administration's communications director, Herb Klein, in Washington. Helms turned Klein down too.

The CIA rebuff sent most reporters off to gripe among themselves in the Homestead's bars. But not U.P.I.'s James Srodes, 29, a former Atlanta *Journal* political reporter. Trying not to be noticed, the 6-ft. 5-in., 280-lb. reporter poked about for ways to eavesdrop on the superspy—and stumbled into his story. Wandering into the kitchen, Srodes was amazed to discover Helms' speech being amplified through a kitchen intercom so that the help would know when to clear tables without disturbing speakers. In his talk, Helms described Ho Chi Minh as "an utterly cold-blooded individual, not at all a kindly uncle," called the Kremlin leadership "morally bankrupt" and claimed that the National Liberation Front had "given up any hope of winning the war on the battlefield." To make sure that he would be first on the wire with the story, Srodes ran off to file before Helms had finished. He tipped a Reuters reporter in a corridor to cover the rest of

the speech. Although it was a stroke of luck, Srodes' feat showed unusual dedication to duty. He was not at the Homestead just for business; he was also on his honeymoon.

NEWSPAPERS

Independence in Idaho

Most newspapers in the mountain West are as stolid as the Rockies, reflecting the area's high respect for authority and stability and its opposition to rapid change. Idaho's papers are generally no exception, but one small weekly in Boise, with a circulation of only 3,500, speaks with a surprisingly loud and sassy voice. The *Intermountain Observer* prints four-letter words, opposes the war in Viet Nam, supports sex education and, even in a hunting-happy state, urges strict gun laws. A model of reasoned protest, it also assails shoddy meat inspection, inhumane prison conditions, inadequate school budgets and sheriffs bent on censorship.

A tabloid, the *Observer* is exceptional because of two talented journalists who prefer roots in a relatively small community to the bustle of metropolitan journalism. Editor Sam Day, 42, worked for Associated Press and three other newspapers before settling in Boise in 1964. Associate Editor Perry Swisher, 45, is a former Salt Lake City *Tribune* correspondent who ran unsuccessfully for Governor, and still teaches math and English on an Indian reservation. Both believe that editing a regional weekly can be liberating rather than stifling. "We're not geldings—journalists don't have to be disinterested," says Swisher. Day adds: "We do not have to play footsie with businessmen on Main Street."

Cannibalism. Day and Swisher crusade with gusto. To attack capital punishment, Day wrote a three-part series on one of the most revolting crimes in Idaho's recent history: the fatal stabbing of a woman in 1956 by a man who bit off and swallowed one of his victim's nipples. Day's report demonstrated that the killing was a sudden, drunken act, not a premeditated murder, and that the state had executed the man in emotional reaction to the cannibalism. To convey the degrading atmosphere of Idaho prisons, the *Observer* found an imprisoned newspaperman who confessed that he used morphine and other drugs "to escape the reality" of prison life, or he would "surely go mad." He added: "There aren't any girls here, but there are some boy-girls, and while I've never had the occasion to think about having a relationship with such a person, I am contemplating one."

The *Observer* came to the aid of an embattled Lutheran pastor after rumors spread that his church's youth-recreation center had been organized by Communists. Reporter Alice Dieter traced the rumors to the fact that police had

found in the center a copy of the *Realist*, a satirical Greenwich Village magazine, as well as a reprint of a speech given by an official of Students for a Democratic Society and distributed by the American Friends Service Committee. A local detective had decided that such material sounded subversive.

The *Observer's* punch and thoughtfulness has brought it a readership well beyond the borders of Idaho—it has subscribers in 41 states, including many politicians in Washington. In a praising article, the *Columbia Journalism Review* noted that the *Observer* "comforts the afflicted and afflicts the comfortable." Afflicting the comfortable produces advertising cancellations as well as press-association awards; last year the paper lost \$4,000 on a gross income of \$51,000. It would be out of business if it were not subsidized by its owner, Boise Valley Broadcasters, which operates radio and television station KB01.

The feisty *Observer* has plenty of critics, mostly officials it has attacked. Republican Governor Don Samuelson, with whom Day disagrees on almost everything, claims that the paper tries to "get people emotionally disturbed rather than present facts." Sheriff Paul Bright, who has been assailed by the *Observer* for efforts to close such movies as *I, a Woman* and *Candy*, vainly sought a warrant to arrest Day when the paper published some four-letter words used by S.D.S. Founder Tom Hayden at the University of Idaho, even though the speech was also televised. The prosecuting attorney ruled that the one incident showed no pattern of obscenity but warned that Day should not use such words again. Day, naturally, makes no such promise. "We don't mind risking the paper when we think an issue is important," he says.



SRODES

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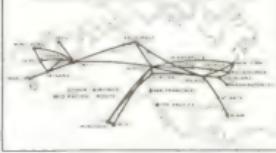
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FLY NORTHWEST ORIENT



Painting by Frank M. Reiter, Chicago, Illinois

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THE THEATER

NEW PLAYS

Torpid Tennessee

Tennessee Williams is lying on the sickbed of his formidable talent. Ever since *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*, his work has become increasingly infirm—so gravely so that in *The Bar of a Tokyo Hotel* seems more deserving of a coroner's report than a review. Nonetheless, trust in the eventual recovery of America's greatest living dramatist must be retained, even if it resembles St. Paul's definition of faith: "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

To realize the particular plight that Williams is in now, one must understand the inner tension of his finest plays. Williams has been overwhelmingly a man of feeling rather than thought, a disciple of the heart's reasons rather than the mind's reasonings. The emotional proposition at the core of *The Glass Menagerie*, *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is undeviating: life is an undeclared war. As Williams has dramatized it, that war is conducted on two fronts. The lacerating confrontations between Blanche Dubois and Stanley Kowalski, between Big Daddy and his son Brick and Maggie the Cat, are blistering barrages of domestic carnage. They are also metaphors for a more profound and transcendent struggle, the war against the gods, the irrational, immutable duel with destiny, disaster and death—all that is meant when one speaks of man's fate. This is the war that no man wins, and that is why it is called tragic.

In that great war, Williams argues, the only cease-fires are the truces of love, in which two people give each

other to each other in an affinity of body and spirit. For a brief moment, they are immune to the world's malice, corruption and despair. In a transport of ecstasy, they defy the cruel and inexorable laws of the universe. Inevitably, the war is resumed.

Planned Hibernation. Though Williams' first professionally produced play was titled *Battle of Angels*, he and his heroes have more frequently and more valiantly battled with the devils of dread, insecurity and panic. In the past, Williams could cast out those demons with the daemon of his art. He could control his craft with poetic precision, and the battle erupted in blazingly memorable scenes and plays. With *In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel* he has been invaded by his fears, and the battle of existence has become a forlorn lost cause.

The play is an open letter announcing esthetic impotence, and its dramatic distress signal is that of the faint bleep of an SOS sent from an enemy-occupied country. Staggering about the hotel bar, the painter hero (Donald Madden) spends all of his stage time in an unrelieved agony of mental and physical disintegration that ends in death. His bitchy, sex-starved wife (Anne Meacham) is addicted to plaintive monologues and a frustrated effort to seduce the Japanese barman. The barman (Jon Lee) is a model of stoic restraint and may represent serenity. He also represents something Williams does not admire: a planned hibernation of the spirit in which one evades any commitment to love, hate or passion. Instead of eloquence, the play offers truncated, disjointed sentences. Inertia usurps the role of action: the prevailing mood is torpor. All that Williams seems able to contribute is a little banal philosophizing about how the creation of art saps a man's life. Still, there is an axiom of the race track that a thoroughbred will eventually revert to form. One must never forget that, despite his present esthetic humiliation, Tennessee Williams is a thoroughbred.

REVIVALS

Stop the Presses!

It is always a surprise when a play can be revived after 40 years without its looking and sounding like a doddering idiot. If *The Front Page* has a certain cornball, period flavor, it simply seems to add relish to a high-spirited and persistently amusing evening. The Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur saga of newspapering in the Chicago of the 1920s is the liveliest public relations handout ever issued on the newspaper game. It makes a newspaperman seem like a combination of knight, sleuth, adventurer and liquored-up, hard-bitten prince of the realm—the Fourth Estate seen in the guise of the First Estate.

While scoops no longer have the ur-



RYAN & CONVY IN "THE FRONT PAGE"
Let grandmother burn.

geney that they did in those days, many of the basic assumptions of journalism have changed very little. The most basic of them all is the primary loyalty of a newsman to his paper come hell or high water. A good newsman will let his grandmother burn if a hotter story turns up across town—or so the Hecht-MacArthur legend has it. Hilda Johnson (Bert Convy) is a classic of his breed, a red-hot super-scooper. Suddenly he threatens to do the unthinkable. He tells the boys in the city room that he is going to get married, desert his raffish calling and go square in a New York advertising firm. His boss, Walter Burns (Robert Ryan), the managing editor of the Chicago *Examiner*, dresses like an Edwardian dandy and has the ethics of Genghis Khan. There is no device that he will not employ to hang on to his ace reporter.

That is one plot, and it is worth a laugh every other minute. Along with it goes a co-plot about a manhunt for a murderer whom the sheriff (Charles White) has labeled a Red Menace. With an election pending, the mayor has a certain cynical interest in corralling the law-and-order voters. John McGiver plays him with the voice of high-pitched dismay and the countenance of flinty melancholy that make all his appearances comic delights. Naturally, this plot thickens and quickens as the rival newsmen cook up story angles and bait the mayor and the sheriff as knaves and boobs. The notion that journalism radiates intelligence and innate purity is fairly amusing all by itself.

When the time comes to put the paper to bed and bring down the final curtain, an adroit cast and the briskly co-ordinated timing of Director Harold Kennedy have stirred up such breezy merriment that the audience may well feel sorry that it has to go home.



PLAYWRIGHT WILLIAMS
Faint bleep of an SOS.

MEDICINE

PUBLIC HEALTH

Medicaid's Maladies

In theory, the four-year-old Medicaid program gives states what amounts to a blank check from the U.S. Treasury. In practice, the program—designed to finance medical care for the needy—has proved to be a tremendous drain on state treasuries as well. Even though federal handouts cover at least 50% of the costs, several leading Medicaid states—including New York, California and Michigan—have been forced to slash aid to their "medically indigent" because the runaway rise in hospital, drug and doctors' bills threatened to engulf their budgets in red ink. Now Medicaid's first state dropout has taken place.

Faced with the spiraling cost of its program, New Mexico this month cut off assistance to the 63,000 people on its Medicaid rolls. As a result, many elderly Medicaid recipients began an exodus from nursing homes, causing the State Department of Hospitals and Institutions to devise a "disaster plan" to find beds for the displaced. The irony of New Mexico's agony is that it was totally unnecessary. In March, State Budget Chief Waldo Anton (who has since resigned) persuaded the legislature to avoid an expected deficit by canceling Medicaid. He had been told by regional officers of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare that New Mexico could always rejoin the program later, at a level of services consistent with available money.

Futile Illegality. Almost immediately, HEW officials in Washington said that New Mexico would not be readmitted to the program at the proposed lower level. A state, they said, cannot arbitrarily scale down Medicaid assistance below certain minimum requirements set in Washington. Five services are mandatory: in-patient and outpatient hospital care, doctors' care, X rays, lab tests and nursing-home benefits. The New Mexicans, said HEW, were demanding Medicaid on their own terms, which were not only illegal but self-defeating. Although the state might have saved \$1,000,000 by quitting Medicaid and rejoining it with a less costly plan, the immediate effect of its dropout was to make it ineligible for \$12,800,000 that it was to receive in the next fiscal year under other federal programs for indigent patients. With or without federal funds, the state must care for those patients. Thus chastened, the state's Department of Health and Social Services asked to re-enter Medicaid on the original level, and HEW officials accepted the capitulation.

Anticipating the sort of problems that have plagued New Mexico, eleven of the 50 states have never joined the Medicaid program. At least four of them—Virginia, New Jersey, Tennessee and North Carolina—are fairly certain to sign up by the Jan. 1, 1970 deadline;

after that date, nonmembers stand to lose federal funds that support alternative programs for the medically indigent. Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Indiana and Mississippi are hoping that the deadline will be extended, but are not expected to join Medicaid before Jan. 1 in any case. Two states have special problems: Alaska, which would have to take over from the Public Health Service (PHS) the cost of treating 55,000 Indians, Aleuts and Eskimos; and Arizona, which would have to care for 83,000 Indians (the most of any state) who are now the responsibility of the PHS or of individual counties.

To avert repetitions of the crisis in

ALAN KENNEDY—MEDICAL WORLD NEWS



PHS DOCTOR WITH ESKIMO BOY

Special problems all around.

New Mexico, Congress is currently considering modifications in the Medicaid rules. New Mexico's Senator Clinton P. Anderson, widely hailed as "the father of Medicare" for his legislative labors in its behalf, has introduced a bill that would allow hard-pressed states to reduce their commitments under the program without risking expulsion. That would certainly prove a great boon to many states. What it would do to the medically indigent remains to be seen.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Too Many Shots

Virtually every U.S. infant born under a doctor's care gets three shots, spaced a month apart, of a three-way vaccine against diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus, or "lockjaw." Most children receive a booster shot a year later. Many get additional tetanus toxoid boosters in school or college—and, of course, in the armed forces.

Are all these shots necessary? No, says a group of experts headed by Harvard's

Dr. Thomas C. Peebles, who shared a Nobel prize for his part in the research that made polio vaccines possible. The experts do not intend to minimize the importance of vaccination against tetanus, the infection that usually results from deep and dirty wounds in which the tetanus bacteria can thrive without air. Every year it kills almost 200 Americans, the doctors point out in the *New England Journal of Medicine*.

The trouble with tetanus vaccination programs is that while some people never get the highly desirable shots, others may get too many. Anyone who suffers a dirty wound more than a year after his last tetanus shot is almost certain to receive yet another booster. This is not necessary, judging from detailed laboratory work by Peebles and others. Men and women, they maintain, retain their immunity against tetanus for twelve or more years after those first four shots in childhood, and certainly should not need a booster more often than every ten years. More frequent revaccinations are not only unnecessary but potentially dangerous, say the doctors, since they may provoke allergic reactions against the toxoid itself.

TRANSPLANTS

Two Postscripts in Houston

Two controversial transplants performed recently in Houston were criticized on the grounds that they involved the application to human patients of techniques that had not been proved safe and effective in experiments with animals. Last week both cases had sequels:

► When Dr. Denton A. Cooley implanted an artificial heart in a man last month, he acted without prior review by the appropriate committees of Baylor University College of Medicine, the college's board chairman charged. In a letter to the National Heart Institute, Baylor's Leonard F. McCollum said that the heart device had been developed under a grant from NHI, and was therefore subject to federal guidelines governing experimental application to human subjects. McCollum informed the institute that Dr. Domingo Liotta, the Argentine-born researcher who worked on the device, "has been suspended from all activities in the artificial-heart program at Baylor." Cooley himself, said an NHI spokesman, was not subject to the federal guidelines because he had no grant from the institute. Thus, any disciplinary action against him would be up to Baylor officials. None has been reported.

In the other disputed case, John Madden, 55, the world's first recipient of an eye transplant involving substantially more than the cornea, left Houston's Methodist Hospital and went home. Dr. Conard Moore had grafted the front part of a donor eye to the remainder of Madden's right eye. Although Madden cannot even distinguish light from dark through the transplant, still he credited Moore with "a miracle."



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SCULPTURE

Take Apart and Look Again

Lord of a sumptuous villa, master of a 200-worker foundry, Miguel Berrocal is, at 36, the latest in a long and rather glorious tradition of Spanish grandees in the arts. Like Picasso and Dalí before him, he is both a dazzling technician and a self-consciously public personality, immoderately gifted and modestly inclined to say so. With his French-born wife Michele, he presides over the 40-room Villa Rizzardi outside Verona, a Renaissance palazzo set among stately cypresses and broad formal gardens that he has studded with

into a bracelet that can be removed and worn by the owner. The most dramatic work is one called *Alfa and Romeo*, which looks like a demure pair of lovers in a hand-to-hand embrace. But wait. A sharp below-the-belt blow to Romeo brings down Alfa's blouse and releases a knife that whips with dazzling speed into her mid-section.

The idea of works that can be disassembled, says Berrocal, grew out of his conviction that sculpture is primarily an art that appeals to both hand and eye. To feel what the sculptor felt when he made it, the viewer should be able to hold its weight in his hand—an experience that can be satisfyingly sensual.

The Mini-Multiple. Born into a comfortable bourgeois family in Malaga, Berrocal studied architecture and mathematics before setting off for Rome and art studies in 1952. After a spell in Paris, he wound up in Verona because of the excellent foundry that was there. He is presently obsessed with the idea of spreading his art around the world. "A Berrocal in every house and a Berrocal in every pocket," is his slogan. To implement it, he conceived of something he calls the "mini-multiple"—reproductions that are identical with his expensive cast bronzes except for size and material. A 5½-inch nickel *Mini-David* (one of 9,500) sells for \$75 and is a perfectly duplicated cast of the original 11½-inch *David*, which sells for \$6,000. With his plans for a mini-multiple priced as low as \$10 by 1970, he will bring a Berrocal within the reach of nearly anyone—or at least, anyone who wants to reach.

ARCHITECTURE

Monument to an Occasion

In 1946, Winston Churchill journeyed to the small Missouri town of Fulton to accept an honorary degree from little-known Westminster College. His acceptance speech made Fulton a historic site. "From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic," Churchill said, "an iron curtain has descended across the Continent." To combat the forces that lurked behind it, he proposed a "fraternal association" between the U.S. and Great Britain.

Seeking to commemorate the occasion, Westminster began looking for a memorial in 1961. The college decided that nothing could be more appropriate than a church designed by Sir Christopher Wren. As surveyor to King Charles II, Wren had rebuilt London after the Great Fire of 1666, creating out of its ashes a new city—as indomitable an assertion of man's stubborn will to survive as was Churchill's trumpeted defiance when the bombs fell on Wren's London during World War II.

Bold Virtuosity. Wren's must have been one of the most sizable architectural commissions of all time. In the years between 1670 and 1711, he over-

saw the design and construction of St. Paul's Cathedral, Chelsea Hospital, most of Greenwich Hospital, portions of Hampton Court, and many lesser secular buildings. His most sustained performance was to design and rebuild the 55 churches destroyed in the fire.

Trained as a mathematician and astronomer at Oxford, Wren used an empirical approach to architecture. In general, he kept to the Gothic tradition, with steeples and layers of construction piling upward, but to this he added French, Flemish and Italian Baroque as it suited his purpose, pleased his fancy, or kindled his architectural imagination. He might be called a virtuoso of the eclectic. St. Paul's combines coupled columns from the Louvre with the triple-layered dome of Mansart's Hôtel des Invalides. It served as a model for the U.S. Capitol dome. At St. Mary-le-Bow, he placed a pyramidal spire atop a Renaissance balustrade atop an antique classical temple, all atop a belfry that stands slightly catercorner from the church itself.

End of Quest. The Wren church that Westminster College finally settled on was St. Mary the Virgin, which was more simple, restrained and less celebrated than some of Wren's other churches. Still, in many ways it has a classical elegance equaled by few. The church was built on the foundations of an earlier church; its facade was constructed with a triangular pediment surmounting a Romanesque window flanked by Baroque volutes. The slim neo-Romanesque belfry contained five bells and was surmounted by a lead-sheathed clock tower.

On the night of Dec. 29, 1940, St. Mary took a direct hit during one of the Luftwaffe's heaviest air blitzes. Only the stone walls and the twelve Corinthian columns that had lined its spare interior remained aloft. After the war, the Diocese of London decided not to rebuild the church, since it stood in what had become the financial district of London. Too few parishioners lived within the old city's boundaries to attend it. Instead, the church was scheduled to be razed for a city redevelopment project—until dilemma and opportunity met in Westminster's quest.

Each one of St. Mary's 7,000 exterior stones was taken down, numbered, and shipped across the Atlantic. They were then reassembled on a knoll at the edge of the Westminster campus. Dedicated two weeks ago, the rebuilt church is complete with a new roof, new bells, new organ, humidity control and air conditioning.

Set so solidly in America's heartland, St. Mary's is an assertive symbol of that fraternal association Churchill be-spoke, a reminder of the common heritage of both nations. On simpler esthetic grounds, it stands amidst Missouri's flat plains as a monument of excellence that the uninstructed can admire, a standard that traditionalists can repair to, and a challenge that the creative can strive to surpass.

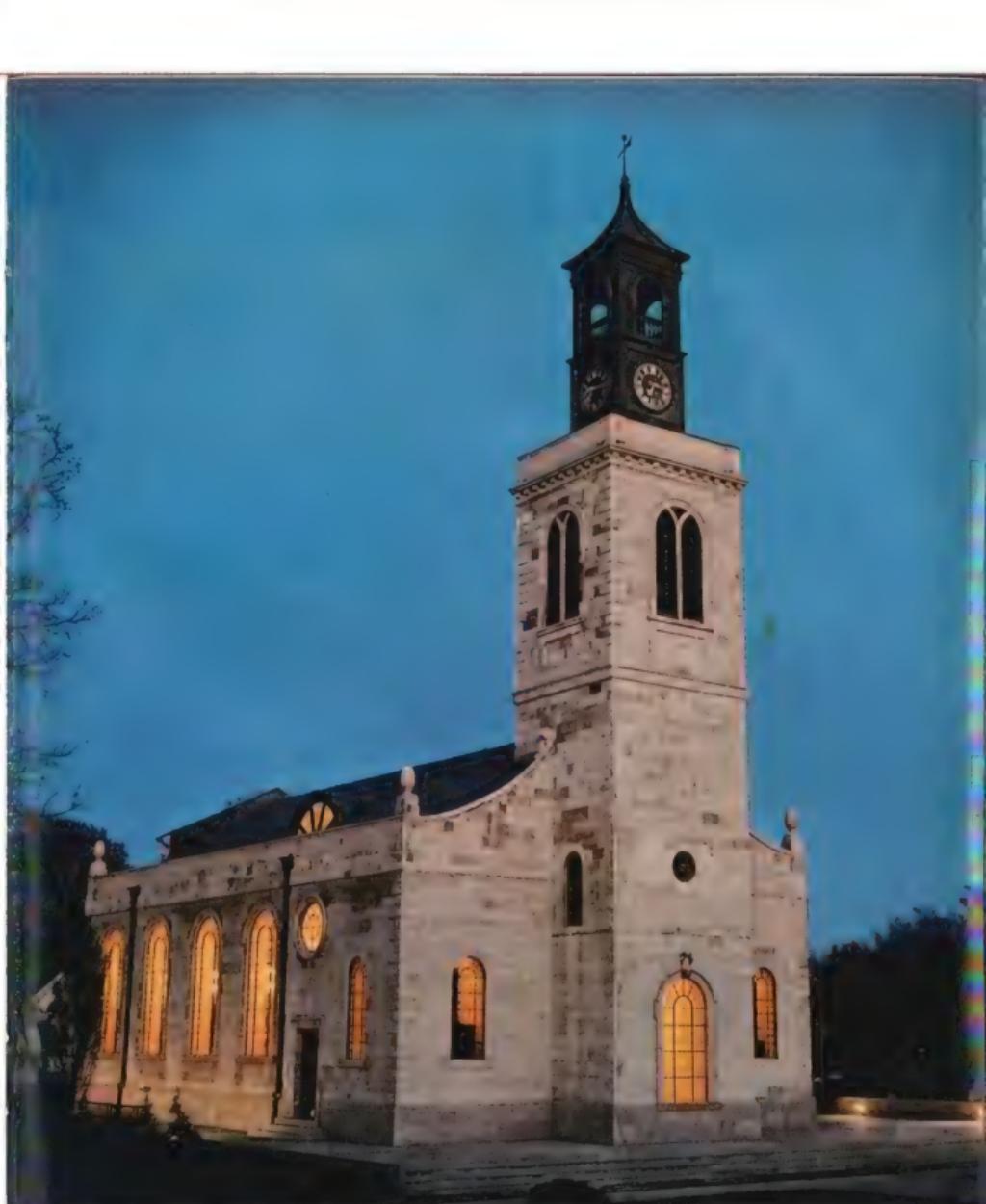


BERROCAL & "CLEOPATRA"
Boss for the Mafia.

his own works. There, the couple entertains some of the top sculptors of Europe, who seek out Berrocal's foundry for expert casting and professional guidance. "I'm the boss of the Mafia of sculptors," he says.

Double-Entendres. Berrocal's own sculptures are the best advertisement of his professional skills. They are composed of as many as 40 tightly interlocking parts, so intricately fitted that never a bolt or a screw is necessary. Taken apart, they look like a field strip of some improbable machine gun. Putting them together again requires the aid of an instruction sheet, which accompanies each work.

Berrocal's sculptures are more than ingenious gadgets. Currently on display at Manhattan's Loeb and Krueger Gallery, they are handsome works of art, rich in *double-entendres* about the literary and legendary characters that they portray. Berrocal's *Cleopatra*, for example, is a curvaceous seductress whose voluptuous thighs, when the proper key is turned, open to reveal a red velvet jewel box inside. Her face disassembles



STATELY MEMORIAL

In 1667 Sir Christopher Wren designed a new church on the foundation of the 11th century London church of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, which had been destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. In 1940, Wren's church was gutted by Nazi bombs. Its shell transported stone by stone across the Atlantic, the church has been resurrected on the grounds of Westminster College in Fulton, Mo., as a memorial to Winston Churchill, who delivered his Iron Curtain speech there in 1946.

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Prospero's Progress

ONE cannot hope to understand an author if one cannot even pronounce his name," Vladimir Nabokov has observed. The point, originally made about Nikolai Gogol (pronounced *Gaw-gol*), applies to Nabokov himself. Over the years he has repeatedly complained about the damage inflicted on the Nabokov name in its passage through foreign ports of articulation. *Nab-o-kov*, *Nab-o-kov*, *Nah-bo-kov*, are frequent errors. Rare mutations, he reports, include *Nahba-cocoa* and *Na-hob-kopf*. The correct sound, says the man who made the name famous, is *Nahbokoff*. Slipping on the mask of a straight face for an instant, he continues: "Vladeemir, as in 'redeemer.'"

This last is just the sort of phonetic parallel Nabokov relishes. Similarly, he is fond of insisting that, with minor adjustments for Julian and Gregorian dating systems, he shares an April 23 birth date with William Shakespeare. But then, he adds, "So does Shirley Temple."

This little charade is just a conversational pleasantry. Or is it? Who can ever be sure with Nabokov? Perhaps he has something more in mind. Devout Nabokov watchers might find clues in those references to Julius Caesar and Pope Gregory. They might see implications of the fall of Rome, the rise of Byzantium, and a consequent gap between East and West that makes comparisons impossible between Anglo-Saxon writers (Shakespeare) and Slavic writers (Nabokov).

Slightly pedantic word play, cultural booby traps, brisk leaps from the Bard of Avon to the *Good Ship Lollipop*, elegant divertissements for all occasions—such things can be expected of Nabokov. But that is far from all. Russian by birth, a U.S. citizen who now lives in Switzerland, he has become, at 70, the greatest living American novelist, and the most original writer and stylist since Joyce. He is also an exile, a man who has triumphantly survived this century of the refugee, a man who has lost everything, yet transformed his losses through art and levity into a habitation of the mind.

Nabokov's literary province is a bizarre, aristocratic, occasionally maddening amusement park in part devoted to literary instruction. It has many sideshows but only one magician. The general public, which chose to read *Lolita*

as a prurient tale of pedophilia, enters through the main gate, hoping to meet the creator of that doomed and delectable child. A more sophisticated clientele moves beyond the midway to seek out and applaud Dr. Nabokov, the butterfly chaser, dealer in anagrammatical gimcracks, triple-tongued punster, animator of *Doppelgänger*, shuffler of similes. Prolonged exposure to Nabokov reveals much more. What he calls his "ever-ever" land of artifice opens on intriguing distances. There words trans-

words. Nabokov feels the same way.

A Nabokov novel is intended not as a message—but as a delight. It is also a game in which the alert reader is rewarded by feelings of wonder at the illusiveness of reality. "In a first-rate work of fiction," he argues, "the real clash is not between the characters, but between the author and the world." Nabokov's books are conceived like the chess problems that he has composed during the past half-century. He describes in an early novel the miraculous way in which a flat, abstract contrivance (in chess or art) can take on vitality and light: "Little by little, the pieces and squares began to come to life and exchange impressions. The crude might of the queen was transformed into refined power, restrained and directed by a system of sparkling levers; the pawns grew cleverer; the knights stepped forth with a Spanish caracole . . . Every creator is a plotter; and all the pieces impersonating his ideas on the board were here as conspirators and sorcerers."

To see through Nabokov's fun and games to his underlying sadness and seriousness requires an understanding of the unfashionable notion that games can be both creative and profound. The essence of the Nabokov creative method is parody. His creatures are not symbols or branches snatched from *The Golden Bough*. But they are haunted by literary ancestors. Enjoying parody requires knowledge of the literary forms and fashions being spoofed—which is one reason why Nabokov is difficult. "He is not the kind of novelist," says Anthony Burgess, "whom you sit down to with a Scotch or an apple." In a rare moment of explicit self-exposure, Nabokov once explained: "While I keep everything on the very brink of parody, there must be on the other hand an abyss of seriousness, and I must make my way along this narrow ridge between my own truth and the caricature of it."

Nabokov's truths, and *Ada*, will certainly unhouse many readers from the comfort of their passive reading habits.

As an easy entry on the boy-meets-girl plot level, Nabokov indulges in a tale about Van Veen and his half sister Ada Veen. They fall in love at the respective ages of 14 and twelve and begin an energetic sex life in the nooks and dells of the family's rural estate. Over the years, their floating orgy suf-

—HENRY GROSSMAN



NABOKOV AT HOME IN MONTREUX

Between the brink of parody and the abyss of seriousness.

form the world into metaphor and time is held exquisitely at bay by memory.

Ada, or Ardor: A Family Chronicle. Nabokov's latest novel, is already a best-seller. Nabokov's peculiar fascination—and enduring power—escapes conventional measurement, but by any standard, the range and volume of his work in two languages is prodigious. It includes 15 novels (nine Russian, six English) and translations of other writers' work. His fiction differs from most novels in much the same way that a poem differs from a political treatise. One is an end in itself. The other, however intricate and elegant, is a means to an end. In a classic sneer at the use of plot in poetry, T. S. Eliot has compared it to a lump of meat thrown a house dog by a burglar (the writer) to keep him busy while the real business is attended to—rifling the silver cupboard or dealing in the wizardry of

fers prolonged periods of inactivity. In their old age, however, Van and Ada reunite and mate—in a highly figurative way—melding into an unbeing that Nabokov calls Vaniada. Licensed allusion hunters will find that Vaniada is an epithet for Freya, the popular Swedish sex goddess who was also close to her brother.

Nabokov sums up these amorous doings in a mock dust-jacket blurb that closes *Ada* by describing only the book's most superficial aspects. Long before he gets around to that, though, a suspicion has set in that the surface love story is as different from the real *Ada* as a bicycle reflector is from a faceted ruby. More even than *Lolita* and *Pale Fire*, *Ada* is studious with assaults and asides directed at literary forms, figures and fashions. Along with its masquerade as a delicious *fin de siècle amour*, Nabokov provides the most unconventional commentary on the novel ever written.

Periodic Needles

Beginning with an inversion of Tolstoy's remark that all happy families are alike, its early chapters plunge forward on rubble created by assaults on the mannerisms of regional romance and dynastic memoir. Science fiction, sexual symbolism, popular novels that get turned into movies come under fire. So do impressionistic translations. Characters mimic Jane Austen and Dickens. Poets Auden and Lowell are spliced into a modern entity called "Lowden, a minor poet and translator." The celebrated Argentine writer Jorge Luis Borges is yawned offstage as Osberg, a contriver of "mystico-allegoric anecdotes." Meanwhile, the children's flabby governess is writing Maupassant's *The Diamond Necklace* and Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*, an indication of Nabokov's opinion of both.

To précis *Ada* as a love story is like describing *Lolita* as a cautionary tale for Girl Scouts. But the literary brickbats, too, as well as the snatches of Russian, the quadrilingual puns, the satiric undercuts, are all embellishments—provided partly to tease scholars, who are now so far behind Nabokov's accumulation of literary clues and *cûls de sac* that it will take years of footnoting to catch up. (Ardis, the family seat, becomes Arrowhead Manor, *Le Château de la Flèche*, Flesh Hall.)

Nabokov's text, as often before, is disguised as an unpublished manuscript. It ostensibly reflects Van Veen's memories of his 83-year-long affair with Ada. Yet, anyone who thinks that *Ada* is Van's book need only rearrange the letters of VAN's book until they spell NABOKOV'S. Once the creator's name has been uttered, *Ada*'s profoundest purpose comes into view. *Lolita* displays more human feeling. But *Ada* is the supreme fictional embodiment of Nabokov's lifelong, bittersweet preoccupation with time and memory. Nabokov is acutely aware that it is only through memory that we possess the past. But

how fragile that hold is—and how much art and individuality depend upon it! In *Speak, Memory*, his mesmeric autobiography, he wrote without his customary protective irony:

"The cradle rocks above an abyss, and common sense tells us that our existence is but a brief crack of light between two eternities of darkness. Nature expects a full-grown man to accept these two black voids, fore and aft, as stolidly as he accepts the extraordinary visions in between. I rebel against this state of affairs. I feel the urge to take my rebellion outside and picket nature."

Tricks with time, thoughts on time, even a chapter on "The Texture of Time" interweave *Ada*. The love story does not "really" start until page 555, when a phone call from Ada to aging Van causes a chain reaction in his memory, linking the images of his youth and transforming the past into a "glittering now." Appearing late in the novel, the "Texture" essay is a recondite attempt on Van's part to eavesdrop the essence of time with the same ardor with which he once possessed Ada.

It is futile. One can almost hear Van's creator sighing at these efforts to have carnal knowledge of the infinite. "You lose your immortality when you lose your memory," Van remarks at one point. "And if you land on Terra Caellestis [Heaven], with your pillow and chamberpot, you are made to room not with Shakespeare or even Longfellow, but with guitarists and cretins."

Ada cannot rightfully be separated from its language, from the chaos of literary allusions, the geographical and genealogical data. But its glory rises from the fragrance of things that have been lost but cannot be forgotten. Central to its timelessness is the anachronistic world of Ada and Van's youth. Known as Antietra, it is physically like a mixture of pastoral 19th century Russia and Canada and the modern U.S.

Antietra's "current events" rove timelessly among an imagined future, in which Mississippi is run entirely by Negroes, and a fabled past, in which the Crimean War, occurring in 1886, is fought with modern war planes. For a while, space and time are suspended. Ultra-modern "dorophones" ring, planes fly, and magic carpets skim cool glades without so much as a patent pending.

In route, some of the characters perish by fire, water and air—fleeting reminders of a return to elemental states. Age comes finally. Time reasserts itself. As the artifice is revealed, one almost expects to hear the snap of Prospero's wand. For this is Nabokov's autumnal fairy tale. Though not his finest book, it is certainly his most brilliant attempt yet to ransack the images and thoughts of his own past and shape them into a glittering now of the imagination.

Any critic foolish enough to exclaim "Aha!" over gross parallels between Na-

"I Have Never Seen

The Nabokovs have lived in Montreux for nine years. Recently, TIME Reporter Martha Duffy visited them there. Here are a few of her impressions:

"Choughs! Choughs! Alpine choughs! A little black bird with a yellow bill, a lacquered yellow bill. And red feet."

"Oh, chuffs," the heedless visitor says. "Aren't they crows?"

"A crow? a CROW? No, no, no, no, no, no, my goodness, no, not a crow at all. They emit a beautiful sound, a sort of kissing sound—chwk, chwink—which is a crow cannot even approach. Pity is that they do it right on my window sill at dawn."

So the day starts early for Vladimir Nabokov, when the nervy choughs commence kissing outside the sixth floor of the Montreux Palace Hotel. Not that there has been much night for him. "I am the insomnia of universal literature," he cries. "My wet nose complained. I was always up, smiling and looking around with my bright eyes. I am awakened by my own snore, which is a Nabokovian paradox. Helpful pills do exist, but I am afraid of them. My habitual hallucinations are quite monstrously sufficient, thank Hades. Looking at it objectively, I have never seen a more lucid, more lonely, better balanced mad mind than mine."

Plumed Sunset. Sometimes his wife Véra awakes to furtive noises in the night. It is the mad mind at work shuffling the 3-by-5 cards on which Nabokov now does all his writing, and which he keeps under his pillow for nocturnal reference.

Staid during the season and stultifying off-season, Montreux is a natural haven for a genius with billowing dreams and a narrowing future. It is a two-street town, one low and one high, dumped at the foot of one Alp and facing another across Lake Geneva. Beyond the town is Byron's Castle of Chillon, the big tourist attraction of the area.

The hotel is a vast rococo establishment. In the off-season, the staff tends to outnumber the 20-odd guests. Most of these regulars are women of 60 or more—a couple of Americans, a few English, a stray Parisian countess or two. Twice a day they gather in the Winter Dining Room, a smallish chamber in the hotel basement, which, despite lavish importation of daffodils and red tulips, is a grisly miniature of desolation. All guests have their own tables; there is almost no talk. The Nabokovs have a cook and eat here only when they have visitors.

Upstairs, on the top floor, the Nabokovs' apartment is a warren of small rooms. Directly below is a room for their son Dmitri, who visits when he can take time from his operatic career in Milan. When he is in residence, the

continued on page 84

a More Lucid, More Lonely, Better Balanced Mad Mind Than Mine"

tone-deaf father sings gleefully in the bathroom until Dmitri makes him stop.

In the summer, the hotel and town are crammed with tourists. It is time for the Nabokovs to leave. They do—to a different place every year, chosen for the local lepidoptera. This year it will be Lugano. Nabokov seemingly never tires of saying he may return to the U.S. "Especially in spring," he says, "I dream of going to spend my purple-plumed sunset in California, among the larkspurs and oaks and in the serene silence of her university libraries."

Nabokov has put aside fiction for the moment. "This was the hardest novel I ever wrote. Now I feel flat here."

so given to splutters and outbursts that he must reach for his handkerchief to wipe away the tears. Accuracy yields to hyperbole, especially when he is making game of other writers.

► MAILER: "I detest everything in American life that he stands for."

► BORGES: "At first, Véra and I were delighted by reading him. We felt we were on a portico, but we have learned that there was no house."

► ROTH: "Portnoy's Complaint? Dreadful. Conventional, badly written, corny. It's farcical—such things as the father's constipation. Even such a writer as Gore Vidal is more interesting."

The visitor produces the current *Play-*

*mating ritual of the crested grebe, a grubby little bird which frequents the lake. They never touch, she says, wagging a delicate finger, but wiggle one foot back and forth. "No, no, no, no, no," says Vladimir, who has let this get by during a ticklish *entente* with a waiter. "They waggle their heads!"*, and he begins wagging vigorously.

Russian Scrabble. The meal ends, always the same way. Nabokov empties his pockets of silver, apparently at random. Alone of the regulars, he tips at each meal. "You don't know the laws that govern my life," he sighs humbly, looking heavenward. Now there is time for more serious talk, but Nabokov is reluctant to discuss *The Novel*.

"How can I talk about the novel," he asks, "when I don't know what a novel is? There are no novels, there are no writers, only individual books." To the suggestion that he is a sensual writer, he asks, "Isn't writing sensual? Isn't it about feeling? The spirit and the body are one. My concern is to capture everything—the pictures, the scene, the detail—exactly."

Véra has reduced the complexities of modern life to a shadow that occasionally crosses her husband's path. Yet her real role, one senses, is not in these labors, but as the only confidante of that "lucid, lonely mind." In the summer, they walk as much as 15 miles a day together. In the evening, they play out their Scrabble tournaments, often with a Russian set (he can run up a 500 score). The chess problems he eventually publishes are set first for her to solve. They like to read to each other. They re-read *War and Peace* in a motel in Montana a few years ago, and sad to say, Tolstoy flunked. "He paled slightly," or "Andrei half smiled," quotes Vladimir condescendingly. "Really." Between Tolstoy and Nabokov it is clear that Véra would choose Nabokov, and the dedication she brings to him is total. Recently Nabokov heard that John Crowe Ransom, whose poetry he greatly admires, was rewriting many of his old poems at the age of 80 and dismantling their classic beauty. Vladimir turned to Véra and said quietly, "Never let me do that."



PLAYING CHESS WITH VÉRA

he says, patting his front, "as if I was delivered." Currently, he is translating all his Russian poems into English. But there is time to receive publishers bringing fat contracts. (Nabokov has remarked that he never cared about money until he had it, and now he does care. He left G. P. Putnam after many years and switched to McGraw-Hill partly because he heard that Putnam President Walter Minton had said: "Oh, Nabokov! He doesn't need money.") Véra, who helps with translation proofs, also does all the negotiating. Vladimir is charming and vague. Scholars come in increasing numbers, seeking enlightenment and hard fact. Nabokov booby-traps his repertoire with esoteric references to his own work. (He has been known to reward an apt pupil by autographing his book with a sketch of a butterfly.) Late- ly there have even been Hollywood producers. "Keen minds, great enchanters," he says. There are also a few friends, including Vevey Neighbor James Mason, who recently dropped off a tie decorated in front with the poster picture of Uncle Sam saying "I want you!" The other side says, " - - - Communism." Nabokov loves it.

In conversation, the man who has devoted a lifetime to literary discipline is

boy, which contains an excerpt from *Ada*. The illustrations appall. "Awful! Comic! Dreadful! The artist needs anatomy lessons!" The handkerchief is seeing plenty of action. He starts composing cables and discarding them. Sample: "Either you are pessimistic or optimistic about Ada's bosoms."

In the dining room, the Nabokovs are greeted by a maître d'hôtel, full of suggestions, and a flock of waiters. Selecting wine is a sure trap, as well as mirror of marital misunderstanding of the sort that besets more ordinary couples.

Nabokov: Shall we have a Swiss red?

Véra: I don't like the Swiss especially, in particular the reds.

Nabokov (*registering astonished innocence*): In nine years, I have not known that you do not like Swiss wines, especially the reds.

Nabokov finally takes hold and orders, *mirabile dictu*, a Swiss red. Véra accepts, graceful in this as in everything. With finely drawn, strong features, alabaster skin, brilliant white hair, exquisite hands, she is a natural beauty. Their dinner conversation thrives on little disagreements, contrapuntal, and often not really resolved. In one exchange, Véra begins by explaining the





VLADIMIR & FAMILY AT VYRA, 1908*
Transmogrified version of a lost Eden.

bokov's experience and his literary creations is viewed by the author with scorn. Yet the soft, pervasive breath of scorn. Yet the soft, pervasive breath of *Paradise Lost* that whispers through *Ada* is more than an echo of Everyman's lost ardor. It is a transmogrified version of Nabokov's own lost private Eden in the Russia of his childhood. With his wealthy and gifted family, he lived in a town house in prerevolutionary St. Petersburg, and at Vyra, an idyllic, rambling country estate. For Nabokov, his two brothers and two sisters and their parents, life, especially at Vyra, seems to have been the living lesson in love, order and responsibility that all *ancien régime* childhoods should have been but so seldom were.

Flight from Home

Nabokov's tall, gentle father was an ex-Guards officer who could trace his family tree back to ancient Muscovite princes; he was also a professor of criminal law, and that rarity in Czarist Russia, a liberal politician as well. He held a seat in the first Russian Parliament. In 1906—when Vladimir was seven—Czar Nicholas II illegally dissolved the Parliament less than a year after its establishment. Nabokov's father signed a manifesto exhorting popular resistance to the move—and went to jail.

The sentence lasted only three months. Family life at Vyra began again, to last, apparently unshadowed, for nearly a decade more. In 1919 (young Vladimir was 20, and had recently inherited the equivalent of \$2,000,000 from an uncle), the Bolshevik revolution forced the Nabokovs to begin their flight from Russia with only a few jewels and clothing. The real awareness of tragedy did not fully come home to them until 1922 in Berlin, when a night telephone call informed the family that their father was dead. He had been shot at a political rally, trying to

protect another man from an assassin's bullets.

Nabokov's mother, Elena Ivanovna, who lived on in exile until 1939, read aloud to Vladimir in three languages. More important, she encouraged his attempts at poetry and nourished his susceptibility to sound and color. Mother and son shared a strong sense that certain colors and certain letters of the alphabet are related—*p* was an unripe apple green, for instance; *y*'s and *u*'s had a brassy "olive sheen." Matching colors and letters, Nabokov evolved a new private word, *Kzspygv*, which meant but did not spell "rainbow."

A series of nannies and governesses assisted his mother in teaching Vladimir to speak and read English (before he could read Russian). Tutors and coaches turned Nabokov into a competent boxer and a skilled tennis player—good enough, in fact, so that later, in straitened exile, he helped pay his way by giving lessons. More or less on his own he became an expert at chess problems and a collector of butterflies.

There was nothing soft or dreamy about Nabokov. He seems to have been an astonishingly disciplined, highly competitive, hopeless overperformer. His cousin Nicolas, a composer living in Hamburg, remembers Vladimir at 18 as tall, handsome and insufferably skillful at nearly everything—though he always smelled slightly of the ether he used to kill the specimen butterflies he caught. When Vladimir was enrolled in a liberal school expressly chosen by his father, he resented a master's suggestion that the Nabokov coachman deposit him several blocks away so he could arrive at class democratically afoot. A more galling comment, though, came from teachers

* Mother, Grandmother, with Elena and Olga, Father, Vladimir, Aunt and Sergei.

who accused him of "showing off"—mainly for "peppering my Russian partners with English and French terms which came naturally to me."

The pursuit of butterflies and poetic perceptions provided Nabokov with a conception central to his existence—of art and science seen not as antagonists but as allies in capturing and celebrating the delightful, eccentric and always individual surfaces of life. Yet his feeling at times encompasses an almost mystic vision of beatitude. "This is ecstasy," he once wrote about standing alone in green woods among rare butterflies. "Behind the ecstasy is something else which is hard to explain. It is like a momentary vacuum into which rushes all that I love. A sense of oneness with sun and stone. A thrill of gratitude to whom it may concern—to the contrapuntal genius of human fate or to tender ghosts humoring a lucky mortal."

Poetic Riffs

Entomologists still credit Nabokov as a serious lepidopterist. He described a dozen new variations of butterfly (mainly in the broad-ranging subfamily of blues), including the *Lycaeides melissa samuelis Nabokov*. His reports were models of precision, experts recall. But, in a prose necessarily dense with taxonomical terms, a few refreshing poetic riffs occurred: "From the opposite side of the distally twinned uncus," Nabokov wrote in a 1944 report describing genus *Lycaeides*, "and facing each other in the manner of the stolidly raised fists of two pugilists (of the old school) with the uncus hoods lending a Ku Klux Klan touch to the picture."

Nabokov's own grasp of the organic union between world and world, between observation and inspiration, goes back to a precise moment afieid at Vyra, when at 15 he saw with clinical accuracy the genesis of his first (admittedly very bad) poem. "Without any wind blowing," he could still describe it 40 years later, "the sheer weight of a raindrop, shining in parasitic luxury on a coriaceous leaf, caused its tip to dip, and what looked like a globule of quicksilver performed a sudden glissando down the center vein, and then, having shed its bright load, the relieved leaf unbent. Tip, leaf, dip, relief—the instant it all took to happen seemed to me not so much a fraction of time as a fissure in it, a missed heartbeat . . . when a gust of wind did come, the trees would briskly start to drip all together in as crude an imitation of the recent downpour as the stanza I was already muttering resembled the shock of wonder I had experienced when for a moment heart and leaf had been one."

In the 1920's the young Nabokov, like other émigrés, was really a stateless person traveling on a special Nansen passport. He spent nearly 20 years among white Russian émigrés in Europe—mainly in Berlin. The role of nobleman in exile customarily inclines toward comic cliché or attenuated anguish. Nabokov's did neither. Yet any-



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Your Chevrolet dealer's got the whole story on how the Hugger scoops the competition. Stop in. See for yourself.

And step



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shhh!



The sight of very young people deeply absorbed in books was once restricted to a school or library. Today there is a big and varied juvenile book market. The Elf Book series and other Rand McNally publications for children have long been part of a special effort to obtain distribution in mass markets for books with high editorial standards and broad appeal. To do this requires a unique approach to publication planning, editing and production methods; but it produces satisfied (and temporarily quiet) young customers. **Rand McNally**, publishers, book manufacturers, mapmakers



one who wonders what he survived need go no further than his earlier writing. Much of it is filled with details of émigré life. They are fondly presented. But many reveal the interminable, corrosive regret, the fulminating, the vaporous political argument, the feuding and backbiting that so often afflict émigré society.

The *Gift*, last and most compelling of the novels that Nabokov originally wrote in Russian, is a treasure house of exiliana. Nabokov's poet-protagonist Fyodor, a chess expert and indigent English tutor, is all too familiar with an exile writer's crippling cultural dependence on the erratic tastes of a handful of émigré critics. Coolly, he notes among his contemporaries such things as their half disapproving, half hopeful backward glances at their former homeland ("In Russia one observed the spread of abortions and the revival of summer houses"), their lingering monarchical pieties. "In her bedroom," Fyodor says, remembering an early mistress, "there was a little picture of the Tsar's family and a Turgenevian odor of heliotrope."

Nabokov had nothing but scorn for émigrés who lament their lost riches and real estate. He has never complained. He was able to go to Cambridge, where he studied foreign languages on a scholarship. But he was not happy. "The story of my college years in England," he says, "is really the story of my trying to become a Russian writer. I had the feeling that Cambridge and all its famed features—venerable elms, blazoned windows, loquacious tower clocks—were of no consequence in themselves but existed merely to frame and support my rich nostalgia."

Thereafter, to make a bare living, Nabokov translated and wrote book reviews. He also tutored Germans in English and tennis, created and sold chess problems, and composed the first Russian-language crossword puzzles for a daily émigré paper.

Year after year, moreover, he wrote, usually at night, sometimes in the bathroom, where the light would disturb no one. By 1938 he had turned out nine novels, nine plays, and scores of stories and poems in Russian. But he had made almost no money and, apart from fellow white Russians, he was virtually unknown. Nearing 40, he had yet to write anything in English.

In the two decades between Cambridge and World War II, three pieces of great good fortune befell Nabokov. In 1925 he married Véra Evseeva Stolnina, the slim and beautiful daughter of a Jewish St. Petersburg industrialist also ruined by the revolution. In 1934 they

had a son, Dmitri, an only child now studying opera in Italy. In 1939, having moved from Berlin to Paris to avoid the Nazis, Nabokov quite by chance received and accepted a proposal to lecture on Slavic languages at Stanford.

Life in California freed Nabokov of the need to write in the bathroom. But he needed all his astonishing powers of concentration and creative effort for the challenge now facing him. "It had taken me some 40 years to invent Russia and Western Europe," he wrote of the problem, "and now I was faced by the task of inventing America."

First at Stanford, then for seven years as a part-time lecturer in the Russian language at Wellesley, with side jobs as a lepidopterist in Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology (plus a few more tennis lessons), and finally



AT CAMBRIDGE, 1920

Neither comic cliché nor attenuated anguish.

as a professor at Cornell from 1948 to 1958, Nabokov studied America, as a colleague at Cornell puts it, like someone "in Madagascar observing the natives." In 1945 he became an American citizen. They occupied a succession of rented houses—more or less bivouacked in the quarters of a different absentee professor each year—partly for lack of cash, partly because Nabokov, having lost everything once, has absolutely no interest in acquiring physical possessions.

As a teacher, Nabokov was provocative, tough, highhanded. At Wellesley, anxious to get off on a June butterfly hunt, he started the registrar's office by wanting to turn in his grades before the final exam. He already knew, he said, exactly what each of his students was worth. When he did give an exam, it was demanding. Appalled by the constant cheating, he browbeat students to go to the toilet before the papers were

passed out and pressed fresh pencils into the hands of examinees rather than let them go to the sharpener.

Despite such goings-on, at Cornell Nabokov's course in Modern Fiction (also known as Dirty Lit) became famous. Nabokov detested "old-fashioned human-interest criticism." It consists, he once reprovingly wrote old-fashioned, human-interest Critic Edmund Wilson, "of removing the characters from an author's imaginary world to the imaginary, but generally far less plausible, world of the critic, who then proceeds to examine these displaced characters as if they were 'real people.'" He refused to deal in such "dreadful things as trends," or offer traditional chatter about themes and schools of literature. Instead, he performed brilliant, instant autopsies on each book, taking it apart and flinging the pieces on the table, then reassembling them so that students for the first time grasped how a book is constructed. Once summing up the Soviet novel of social realism, he acted out the vibrant love story of two jackhammer operators who said I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-o-o-o-v-v-e-y-y-o-o-u-u-u to each other to the gyrations of their drills.

I Would Kiss Your Hand

In 1941, with the help of Nabokov's most influential American friend, Harvard Critic Harry Levin, *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, Nabokov's first novel written in English, was published. A haunting, accomplished and entirely Nabokovian novel about a man who loses his own identity trying to write the fictional biography of his lost brother, it appeared almost unnoticed. By the time he reached Cornell he had published *Bend Sinister* (1947), a study of a police state, parts of *Speak, Memory*, one of the most beautiful autobiographies in English. Yet he was barely known on campus as a man of letters, much less a literary genius.

Vladimir, acquaintances remember, was handsome, courtly, occasionally terribly amusing at parties. It was not for Nabokov, though, to commit the hilarious gaffes of his comic creation, the émigré Professor Timofey Pnin. Years of having to conform with dignity as an outsider had marked his manner. Mrs. Yvor Winters, widow of the critic, recalls that Nabokov would never kiss a woman's hand, as many other refugees did. "If I were in Russia," he once confided to her, "I would kiss your hand."

The Nabokovs entertained sparingly and cared only to see a few close friends. They were too busy. Besides, science (lepidopterology) was once again coming to the aid of Vladimir's art. His handmaiden was technology in the form of a 1952 Buick, bought mainly to search for specimens in the West. Véra did the driving. Nabokov, with the security of a man who is good at nearly everything, easily concedes he cannot handle a car, adding genitously, "There are some people who can refold maps, too, but I am not one of them." Every summer they cruised up



HUNTING BUTTERFLIES IN THE ALPS
Gratitude to whom it may concern.

and down Arizona, Utah, Wyoming and Oregon in search for the feeding grounds of Nabokov's beloved "blues." Between butterflies, Vladimir sat beside Véra jotting on 3 by 5 cards. His notes were about a man named Humbert Humbert. General Motors, so far as anyone knows, has paid scant heed to the historic fact that much of *Lolita* was written in a '52 Buick.

Mad Humbert's sad obsession with twelve-year-old Dolores Haze went off in the U.S. of the late '50s like a shot in church. At first, U.S. publishers were afraid to touch it. Véra was afraid Nabokov might lose his job at Cornell if they did. When it finally came out, reviewers, not yet used to such material in "serious literature," flew into rages of indignation and feigned boredom. New York Times Critic Orville Prescott, in particular, earned a gargoyle's niche in literary history by exclaiming, "Dull, dull, dull." But *Lolita* in due course was recognized as the masterpiece it is, and it made Nabokov rich, setting him free for the first time in his life, at 59, to write full time.

The first fruit of that freedom was *Pale Fire*. Spectacularly unread, it made no concessions to popular tastes while proving that a genius can write a brilliant novel consisting of a 999-line poem and scholarly comment on it. The book is a wintery, touching parable concerning two of Nabokov's persistent themes—the feeling of being unloved and the horror of willfully inflicted pain. *Pale Fire* elicited the high-water mark of Nabokov's critical acceptance. Perhaps the most perfect tribute came from Mary McCarthy, a critic rarely given to generosity or overstatement: this work, "half poem, half prose," she wrote, "is a creation of perfect beauty, symmetry, strangeness, originality, and moral truth. Pretending to be a curio, it cannot disguise the fact that it is one of the great works of art of this century."

Today, Nabokov is a distant and revered personage safe in Switzerland;

his judgments and comments are no less candid than ever. Along with a great many writers (see box p. 82), the informal list of his jocular pen hates includes such things as: progressive education; "serious" writers: confessions in the Dostoevskian manner; book reviewers, most of whom, Nabokov contends, "move their lips when reading"; people who say "excuse me" when they belch. Clearly, in an age practiced in the smooth piety of mock humility and slackly trained to believe that sincerity is an excuse for nearly everything, the public Nabokov must appear as some kind of cultural curmudgeon.

His views on what he regards as the two principal scourges of the century—Communism and Freudianism—are staunch. Nabokov sees both as dreadful infringements upon creative freedom. "The social or economic structure of the ideal state is of little concern to me," he says. "My desires are modest. Portraits of the head of government should not exceed a postage stamp in size. No torture and no executions. No music, except coming through earphones or played in theaters."

Baconian Acrostics

Nabokov's novels, prefaces and discourses drip with scathing references to Freud. His basic objection to Freudian theories is that they slight the creative imagination by putting it in a sexual straitjacket and by insisting that dreams and images are determined mechanistically. "I reject completely the vulgar, shabby, fundamentally medieval world of Freud," he writes, "with its crankish quest for sexual symbols (something like searching for Baconian acrostics in Shakespeare's works) and its bitter little embryos spying from their natural nooks upon the love life of their parents." Nabokov may yet get his wish to see Shakespeare in heaven, laughing at Freud (in hell, naturally) for his bad interpretations of *Hamlet*, *Lear* and *Macbeth*. But how much comfort the scene would give him is debatable. From Nabokov's point of view, the electrical and chemical control of the brain, which seems to be rendering Freudian theory irrelevant, will hardly help the freedom of the individual imagination.

He has, as the phrase goes, no time for religion; yet his work is infused with a poetic sense of the sanctity of all life and with the faculty of a primitive animist—vestigial in modern man—of investing inanimate objects with life. He is inclined to deny that any utility, morality or heavy philosophical meaning should be attributed to his art. He dismisses such suggestions with the same scorn that he once made use of when a clubwoman asked him what butterflies were for. Nevertheless, certain deductions can be drawn from Nabokov's writing. In *Bend Sinister*, he composed a picture of crude, lumpish evil-in-power, and he put Yeats' much quoted "rough beast" into a Bolshevik or Nazi Bethlehem. Thus Prospero-Nabokov always knew Caliban, whether he

was known as Hitler or Stalin or by some other name.

Still, the label that in one sense best suits Nabokov's practice and precept as a writer is art for art's sake. It is a school that has rarely fared well in public esteem, especially in the U.S. *Fin de siècle* examples were customarily tainted by a kind of Wildean flounce, or could be made to seem so. More often the doctrine has been propounded to excuse artistic self-indulgence, sheer gush, or at best the refined outpourings of private feeling. None of these excesses apply to Nabokov. Few writers have brought to the practice of art for art's sake—or indeed to thematic literature—the enormous talent and discipline, the overwhelming intellectual grasp, the scrupulously objective range of eye and ear that Nabokov commands.

Distaste for the rational, plodding, message-ridden, rhetorical problem novel—which Nabokov has condemned for years—is now widespread. But the objection to the traditional novel is essentially negative, rising as it often does from despair about the possibilities of rational, orderly, middle-class society. Black comedies, happenings, novels without plots are on the whole grim experiments, and the laughter they offer is at best a kind of comic rictus.

Nabokov, who is essentially a prose poet, has always had something quite different in mind. "By poetry I mean the mysteries of the irrational perceived through rational words," he has explained. "True poetry of that kind provokes not laughter and not tears but a radiant smile of perfect satisfaction, a purr of beatitude—and a writer may well be proud of himself if he can make his readers, or more exactly some of his readers, smile and purr that way." When as a young man in Berlin, Nabokov decided to translate an English masterpiece into Russian, the book he chose was *Alice in Wonderland*. Perhaps he knew, even then, that the best way for an artist to triumph over time was to vanish like the Cheshire cat, leaving only a smile behind.



SUE LYON AS LOLITA
Only one magician in the park.



For over one hundred years, one of the finest champagnes in the world has come from a town called Hammondsport?

It was Spring 1867 in upstate New York. A man in a top hat walked out of the doors of a stone and oak winery and onto the Hammondsport road. He cradled a clutch of Great Western champagne in his arms. He climbed up on a phaeton, jogged down to Elmira, rode the train to New York and steamed out past Montauk to France.

He was off to Paris, where all the great champagnes of the world were gathered in one gallery at the Great Exhibition. It was there he was taking his Hammondsport champagne.

To the judges, it was just a glass of champagne. No bottle, no label, no name.

Great Western champagne brought home the gold medal. And proved our theory true. To us, a champagne's name and address meant little. It was its taste that would make it great.

It has always been a very natural thing for us to make one of the world's

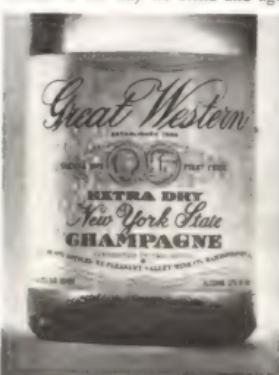
finest champagnes up in Hammondsport, four thousand miles from France. It's as natural as the shale in our soil and the mists from our lake and the tastes they've given our grapes. It's as natural as the way we blend and age

these native tastes into the champagnes we want to produce. It's as natural as the time we take to do it.

Even some Europeans seem to agree. Last summer, another man cradled a bottle of Great Western champagne in his arms, took off from our hill in a small private plane, changed to a jet in New York, flew over Montauk and landed in Brussels. They had gone to a world competition for champagne and wines. They came back with our twelfth international medal.

Our idea's catching on. Not just with juries in Europe, but back home in America with more and more people becoming less surprised to learn that the champagne they liked at Cousin Fred's wedding was Great Western.

To us, champagne is more than a region in France. Champagne is an attitude, a way to make wine. Whether you make it in a big way in France or in a blink of a town in the state of New York.



*Great Western New York State Extra Dry, Brut, Special Reserve, Pink Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy.
Produced since 1860 by the Pleasant Valley Wine Company of Hammondsport, New York.*



“They stayed. In a village the size of Union Springs, that’s the most important thing.”

“Gulf + Western’s company here in Union Springs isn’t just our largest taxpayer by far. It also means jobs for nearly half the village.

“Naturally, people wondered when the original company merged with Gulf + Western in 1962. I don’t think the village would have curled up and died if management moved the plant somewhere else. But it would have been a shock.

“As things turned out, they stayed. In a village the size of Union Springs, that’s the most important thing. As soon as you’re old enough to work, there’s a job waiting. Within walking distance.

“And, let’s face it, even in Union Springs we have high school dropouts. You can’t always get them back into school. But Gulf + Western gives them a chance to make a good living. Right here at home.

“We depend on the company in other ways, too. The company sponsors ball teams, and they’ve donated a college scholarship. And if we run into a problem in village maintenance, they’ll always help. Our fire pump broke down one time, and normally it would have taken up to a month to repair. But Gulf + Western did the job for us in their machine shop, and we had the pump back in service the next day.

“Now *that’s* real community service by anyone’s standards.”

Earl Fox, Mayor
Union Springs, N.Y.

Gulf + Western
The 21st Century Company



GMC adds Cummins diesels to its line to shake up your idea of how much power one company can offer.

When you call yourself the truck people from General Motors, you'd better make sure you've got what truck buyers want.

We think we do. More than anybody else in the business.

Our power offerings this year are a good example. To cover every possible base we could think of, we've added a new line of Cummins diesel engines. Four new engines that develop 230, 250, 270 and 335 gross horsepower, respectively. The 270 and 335 h.p. engines can be specified for GMC's

brand new over-the-road Astro 95, while the other offerings are available in our short and long conventional models.

And that's only part of the story.

We offer diesel power choices galore. There is the Toro Flow II, a diesel engine

that's given in-city truck operators a real look at what maximum economy is all about. In addition, we have the full line of GMC's 2-cycle diesels from the 6V-53 to the 8V-71.

We've got what you want because we want your business. We've devoted ourselves to trucks and what powers them.

If you want the most out of the next truck you buy, simply talk to one of our dealers.

You'll like what you hear.



GMC

the truck people from General Motors

MILESTONES

Died. Mrs. John Foster Dulles, 77, widow of the late Secretary of State, whose devotion to her husband's career and acceptance of public life ("I never know whom my husband will bring to breakfast, lunch or dinner, but it's sure to be someone interesting") exemplified the best characteristics of a Washington wife; in Washington.

Died. W. Lee ("Pappy") O'Daniel, 79, Texas Governor (1939-41) and U.S. Senator (1941-49) whose raucous hillbilly campaigns amused a generation of Texans; in Dallas. A flour salesman and radio singer, O'Daniel entered politics in 1938 by running for Governor on a platform that included the Ten Commandments and mother love; he stumped the state singing his theme song, *Pass the Biscuits, Pappy*—and won by a landslide. Though he was inept as Governor, Texans gave him a second term, then sent him to the Senate after a primary battle in which he defeated Congressman Lyndon B. Johnson.

Died. Josef Cardinal Beran, 80, exiled archbishop of Prague, whose life symbolized the Catholic church's struggles in Eastern Europe; of lung cancer; in Rome. Beran was appointed archbishop of Prague in 1946 and ran head-on into the Communists during their 1948 takeover of Czechoslovakia. For publicly protesting the infringement of religious freedom, he was shorn of power, imprisoned for 14 years, and eventually sent into exile. His death occurred during negotiations that might have led to his return to the country he loved.

Died. Raoul H. Fleischmann, 83, publisher and co-founder with Harold Ross of *The New Yorker* magazine; of a stroke; in Manhattan. A scion of the yeast family, Fleischmann seemed an unlikely partner for the mercurial Ross. Yet he was witty and urbane, and when Ross broached his plan for *The New Yorker*, Fleischmann joined him. The idea was for a magazine written by friends for friends and, in its first years, that was about the size of it. As the losses piled up, Fleischmann poured his entire fortune into the venture, at one point gave up virtually all hope of success. Finally, in 1928, *The New Yorker* turned the corner, and Fleischmann's 55,309 shares of stock are today worth an estimated \$5,530,900.

Died. Sir Lewis Casson, 93, dean of Britain's theatrical knights who joined his wife, Dame Sybil Thorndike, in one of the great partnerships of the stage; of kidney disease; in London. Already well known when they married in 1908, Sir Lewis and Dame Sybil greatly enhanced their stature in hundreds of performances together, notably in *Saint Joan* and *Eighty in the Shade*.

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Runs automatically on sunlight, moonlight, candlelight, any light you've got.

This is the new Kodak Instamatic Reflex camera—for "pictures unlimited," without complications.

It combines the best of everything. Big, bright reflex viewing and focusing. Automatic electronic shutter that times exposures from 1/500 up to 20 seconds. Lens interchange, for wide-angle, telephoto. Flashcube, and electronic flash. Drop-in cartridge loading for color snapshots, color slides, black-and-whites. Everything, in fact, to make picture-taking fast, easy, and sure—any time, anywhere.

See the most capable automatic camera in the world at your Kodak dealer's, and ask for a demonstration. With f/2.8 lens, less than \$200; with ultra-fast f/1.9 lens, less than \$250.

Prices subject to change without notice.

**The new Kodak Instamatic
Reflex camera.**

Kodak



100 years after the industrial revolution, and office staffing is still in the horse-and-buggy age.

How do you hire exactly the number of people needed in an office? You can't. The work load varies too much.

So you do what most people have been doing the past 100 years. You staff up to handle peak periods. And end up being over-staffed the rest of the time.

That's a pretty expensive solution in these days of the profit squeeze.

Some companies are doing things differently . . . with a new plus-service from the Kelly Girl temporary help people. How does it work?

You simply match the work force to the work load—on a planned basis. You use Kelly Girl® temporary services to supplement your basic staff. That way,

you can make your office staff as large or as small as necessary. Day to day, week to week, month to month.

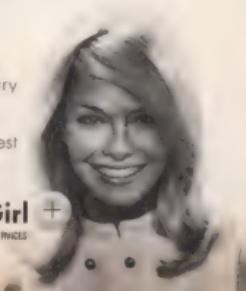
Sounds complicated? It isn't.

We provide the people. Handle the paperwork: payroll, payroll taxes, insurance. You pay only for the service. And only when you need it.

We guarantee your satisfaction 100%. (One old-fashioned idea we've hung onto for 22 years in the temporary help business.)

Think about it. In the next few months you could find yourself the biggest hero in the company. It's another plus from the people who put a plus in all their services.

Kelly Girl 
A DIVISION OF KELLY SERVICES



BUSINESS

THE FUTURE

The Sizzling '70s

The U.S. economy seems headed for its most expansive era yet in the 1970s. That was the message of a study presented last week by Martin Gainsbrugh, chief economist of the National Industrial Conference Board, a private center for business research. Two years in preparation by a dozen of the board's staff economists, the study projects remarkable advances in family income, now averaging \$9,300. By the end of the next decade, the typical American household will earn almost \$14,000—in terms of today's prices—and enjoy a 40% increase in the real standard of living. At the same time, the number of families with incomes above \$10,000 will rise from 15 million to 34 million. Those with less than \$5,000 will decrease from 13 million to less than 11 million out of a total 61,400,000.

The N.I.C.B. figures that U.S. production, which has increased an average 3% annually for the whole 20th century but rose to 4.5% during the '60s, will continue to grow by 4.5% a year during the '70s. One reason will be an unusually large rise in the labor force, the result of high birth rates in the late 1940s and 1950s. The labor force has been increasing by an av-

erage 1.2% a year, but in the 1970s it will jump 1.7% annually. In addition, continued investment in research and new plants should maintain productivity gains at the historic rate of 2.8% a year. Altogether, the gross national product, in terms of current dollars, should come close to \$1.25 trillion by 1975 and \$1.5 trillion by 1980.

Gainsbrugh warns, however, that these prospects for prosperity will prove hollow if inflation continues at its current rate of more than 4%. If it does, he says, it "could foreshadow a boom followed by a severe deflation later in the 1970s." Convinced that sensible Government policy will avoid such a crisis, he estimates that inflation will average 2% during the decade. Tending to reinforce his assumption, such economic barometers as industrial production and personal income have begun to level off under the growing pressure of high taxes, tight money and a budget surplus.

AIRLINES

Flying with Student Power

One of the most successful examples of student protest has made its point without a single sit-in. It all began last January when Arthur Present, a Civil Aeronautics Board examiner, recommended that the CAB end the airlines' "youth fares," which allow passengers from twelve to 22 to fly for half fare on a standby basis or for two-thirds fare with a reserved seat. Prodded partly by ailing intercity bus lines, Present found the discount fares "unjustly discriminatory." He did not reckon with the power of American students when they feel it is they who have suffered the discrimination.

More for Less. A group called Half-Fair was founded by three Princeton students, Bradley Olsen, 20, Jeffrey Stahl, 21, and Mark Smith, 19. They drafted model petitions and form letters to Congressmen, and sent them out to 120 student newspapers in all 50 states. Simultaneously, at the University of Denver, Sophomore David Shapin, 19, organized 200 of his fellow students and began corresponding with interested students, college newspaper editors and Congressmen. Bitter editorials began appearing in the campus press, and letters by the thousands rained on Congressmen and airline executives. Both the National Student Association and the Campus Americans for Democratic Action, the student arm of the liberal political organization, sent delegates to carry their protest to the CAB. Parents, who like to see more of their offspring for less money, also joined the campaign.

The airlines generally support the students and the cut-rate fares, in the belief that they encourage flying by people who would otherwise take a train or bus, or not travel at all. Last year,



PRINCETONIANS SIGNING PETITION

Half fare is only fair.

more than 5,000,000 young passengers used the fares at a savings of \$112 million to them. Even so, the industry has earned a \$21 million profit on youth fares during the past two years.

Responding to the protest, 40 Senators are now co-sponsoring a bill that would extend youth fares even if the CAB votes to discontinue them. A similar bill has been introduced in the House, but the chances are that Congress will not need to act. Impressed by the breadth and sincerity of the student protest, the CAB will probably overrule its examiner sometime soon and let the youngsters continue to fly high at half price.

AUTOS

The Last Corvair

When the Chevrolet Corvair was introduced in 1959, its fresh engineering was hailed as the forerunner of a new age of innovation in Detroit. The compact auto, designed to stop the imported car invasion, featured an air-cooled rear engine made largely of aluminum. It was the creation of Chevy General Manager Edward N. Cole, now president of General Motors. But the Corvair's plain Jane appearance did not seduce as many buyers as G.M. had expected. Restyled with bucket seats and a four-on-the-floor shift, the car gained popularity as something of an American sports car. Enthusiasts liked its jaunty look and responsive steering. Corvair owners became Corvair lovers, and they joined more than 140 Corvair clubs.

The object of their affection turned out to be fatally fickle. Because of Corvair's heavy tail and its unique rear suspension system, critics charged that its rear wheels sometimes "tucked under" on corners, causing an alarming tendency for the car to roll over. The car

* Seated at table: Smith and Stahl. Behind them: Olsen.



was also vulnerable to side winds that caused unexpected sashays on the road. A redesign of the rear axle and other modifications fixed those failings in 1964. More than 150 lawsuits were filed for more than \$25 million in damages.

G.M. won four of the suits, had many dismissed and settled 47 out of court for a total of \$340,000; nearly 60 are still pending. All this attracted the attention of Ralph Nader, the one-man consumers' lobby. He devoted the first chapter of his book, *Unsafe at Any Speed*, to an attack on the Corvair. During a series of congressional hearings, Nader followed up by calling the Corvair "the leading candidate for the unsafe-car title." The assault was lethal; sales plummeted from 220,000 in 1965 to 14,800 last year.

G.M. did not want to drop the car while it was under attack, but Corvair's days were obviously numbered. Last week, as the 1,710,018th Corvair rolled off the line, the company halted production. Mourned by its many loyal admirers, the model has now joined Edsel, De Soto, La Salle and some 3,000 others in the great auto graveyard.

CORPORATIONS

The Big Grow Much Bigger

The very largest companies are taking over a steadily growing share of U.S. business. *FORTUNE's* annual listing of the top 500, published last week, shows that the biggest industrial companies rang up almost 64% of all industrial sales in the U.S. last year, up from 62% in 1967 and just over 55% a decade ago. In their fields the 500 employed 687 out of every 1,000 workers and accounted for 74% of total profits. Despite the tax surcharge, profits were up 13% to \$24 billion.

General Motors again led the list, followed in the top ten by Standard Oil (N.J.), Ford, General Electric, Chrysler, IBM, Mobil Oil, Texaco, Gulf Oil and U.S. Steel. Collectively, the top ten increased earnings by 21%, or double the rate of the other 490 companies. The fastest overall growth in the 500 was posted by the conglomerates. Large-ly through mergers, one of them, California's Commonwealth United, increased sales by an astonishing 2,178%, to \$153 million. Membership in the exclusive billion-dollar sales club increased by 21, to a total of 104.

Sales climbed in all 22 industries covered by the 500. Apparel beat out office machines for first place with a 20.5% increase; the slowest mover was the shipbuilding and railroad-equipment group, up 6.3%. In spite of attacks on its pricing structure, the drug industry for the fifth year in a row was the most profitable, with a 17.9% return on invested capital.

The trend of the 500 underscores the growing importance of "economies of scale." Size clearly offers the opportunity for more efficient use of equipment and greater market clout.

TAKEOVERS: A CLASSIC COUNTEROFFENSIVE

As opponents of conglomerates tell it, the usual takeover scenario is a melodramatic affair involving a helpless target company and an unscrupulous interloper. The script has been scrambled in the case of Akron's B. F. Goodrich and its ardent but so far unsuccessful suitor, Northwest Industries. The rubber company's public relations and legal fight against Northwest's four-month-old takeover bid has been waged so well that, even though it is not yet over, it is looked upon as a classic corporate counteroffensive against an unwanted but aggressive merger partner.

Northwest President Ben Heineman appears to be a businessman at bay.

the Big Four.* Goodrich was obviously vulnerable to takeover because its ownership was widely scattered and the price-earnings ratio of its shares was relatively modest. It was not long before Goodrich began to draw the attention of a number of acquisitive companies, including Northwest. Goodrich Chairman Ward Keener, a sometime economics professor, began mapping defensive strategies as early as last June.

In March, Northwest revised its January proposal and offered a complex package of debentures, preferred stock and warrants, then worth about \$75, for a share of Goodrich (\$50). Keener, who dismissed what he called a "funny



NORTHWEST'S HEINEMAN



GOODRICH'S KEENER

One time when the target shot back.

Only hours before his conglomerate's annual meeting began in Chicago last week, the Justice Department announced that it would seek to block Northwest's bid for Goodrich. A stockholder at the meeting asked: why not just drop the whole thing? Nothing doing, replied Heineman. "I don't think I have ever been known as a summer soldier."

Venerable and Vulnerable. Heineman, 55, is the self-assured attorney who took over the wheezing Chicago and North Western Railway in 1956 and surprised skeptical industry veterans by turning the company into a monomaniac. Only four years ago, he began spreading into steel, clothing and chemicals, and later formed Northwest Industries, a holding company. Its sales rose impressively from \$260 million in 1965 to \$701 million in 1968.

Meanwhile, 99-year-old Goodrich, the nation's fourth largest rubber company, was taking a rather bumpy ride. Last year it earned only 3.9% on its \$1.1 billion sales, lowest profit margin among

money" offer, had assembled a potent band of allies. For legal advice, he had White & Case, the Manhattan firm that masterminded American Broadcasting's successful defense against Howard Hughes last year. As investment bankers, he had First Boston Corp. To furnish Goodrich's image, Keener used three public relations firms, among them Hill & Knowlton, the world's biggest.

The defenders have waged a well-coordinated campaign. Items:

► To sway Goodrich shareholders, costly advertisements passed the word that not only was Northwest attempting to swallow a much larger company, but it had also reported a first-quarter loss of \$3.9 million. Recent ads pointed out that Northwest's stock had dropped from \$140 in January, to \$112 last week, with the result that Heineman's generous original package offer for one share of Goodrich was now worth about

* Others, and their profit margins: Goodyear, 5.1%; Uniroyal, 4%; Firestone, 6%.

If you want to make money in drug stocks, can anybody write the prescription better than Bache?

Drug stocks can often bring relief to a sluggish investment program. But you need a carefully prepared formula after careful diagnosis.

Our Research Department (102 people strong) includes specialists who follow the drug industry closely, and who know what the producers of all those pills, capsules, salves and sprays are up to. And they can tell you which companies look best to them in terms of progress and profits.

If Bache feels there's something better suited to your goals, we'll tell you to forget drug stocks and put your money where it may do you more good. Another stock, mutual funds, corporate bonds or municipals. You see, we're involved—deeply—in all areas of investing. And we have no axe to grind.

We feel that investing is a personal matter. And investments should fit individual goals. After all, it's your money. Our job is to help you make more.

We don't think anyone does the job better.

Bache offers no cure-alls. But we do offer to talk common sense about your investments. For the address and telephone number of our office nearest you, simply call 800-243-1890 at no charge. (In Connecticut, call 853-3600 collect.)



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\$10 less. (Goodrich stock closed last week at 44 1/2.)

To increase its number of shares outstanding and thus raise the total that Heineman would have to win, Goodrich made a deal with Gulf Oil Co. Last February, Goodrich issued 700,000 new shares worth about \$32 million to buy up Gulf's half-interest in Goodrich-Gulf, a money-losing subsidiary. The price was steep, but the deal put 5% of Goodrich's stock into the friendly hands of Gulf's management.

To make it even more difficult for Heineman to gain control, Goodrich persuaded shareholders to vote for the staggering of directors' terms. Thus, Northwest cannot possibly win a majority on the board until 1971.

To erect a federal regulatory hurdle for Heineman, Goodrich in March paid about \$2.7 million in stock to buy Motor Freight Corp., a Terre Haute-based trucking company that competes with Northwest on some rail routes. Goodrich then petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission, urging it to rule that Northwest would need ICC approval for a merger.

No Soliciting. The all-out campaign paid valuable dividends for the established management. On Capitol Hill, Senator William Saxbe of Ohio rose to praise Goodrich's efforts to fend off "the predatory advance of a conglomerate." The Akron *Beacon Journal* likened Northwest to a "brash hussy trying to persuade our favorite uncle to elope." *Forbes*, a business biweekly, ran a long article that was so favorable to Goodrich that the company bought full-page newspaper space to reprint it as an ad.

The Ohio Division of Securities prohibited Northwest from soliciting shares in that state because of "indeterminate factors." Most important, the Justice Department intervened on the ground that the Northwest bid raised antitrust questions. The case promises to be a significant part of Antitrust Chief Richard McLaren's plan to challenge conglomerates (see following story).

Save Me, Save Me. The Goodrich defense has been doubly effective because U.S. securities laws commit Northwest executives to frustrating silence until their tender offer expires in June. Heineman has been able to speak out only to the extent of blaming his firm's first-quarter loss largely on a strike at its Lone Star Steel Co. and the severe weather, which hampered its rail operations. He has also talked in general terms about struggles for corporate control. "There are a lot of frightened, stodgy companies with frightened, stodgy managements," he says. "Conservative businessmen are running to the Government saying, 'Save me, save me,' and very often it is at the expense of stockholders."

Keener and his fellow managers have shown through their vigorous defense that they are anything but stodgy. Even

so, they are not about to turn down the Government's help. If the trustbusters do enjoin the financial battle with Northwest Industries, Goodrich shareholders will not even get a chance to decide that they might like Heineman's offer after all.

ANTITRUST Scourge of the Conglomerates

Richard Wellington McLaren likes to tell a story that says a great deal about his main concern as Nixon's chief trustbuster. There was an executive whose firm had been taken over by a conglomerate. Wrote the executive to a friend: "You ask me what it's like to

DAVID BURNETT



ATTORNEY MCCLAREN

The biggest buster since Teddy.

work for a conglomerate? Well, it's just like being a mushroom. First, they keep you in the dark for months. Then they throw dung all over you. Then they can you."

Assistant Attorney General McLaren is trying mightily to dispel the dark. Since January, when he switched from lucrative private practice as a lawyer defending companies in antitrust cases, he has flailed conglomerates for evils ranging from excessive economic concentration to "human dislocation." Proud that Republicans "have historically been vigorous enforcers of antitrust," McLaren is becoming the most active—and visible—trustbuster since the days of Teddy Roosevelt; his broadsides have helped chill investor enthusiasm for multimarket companies.

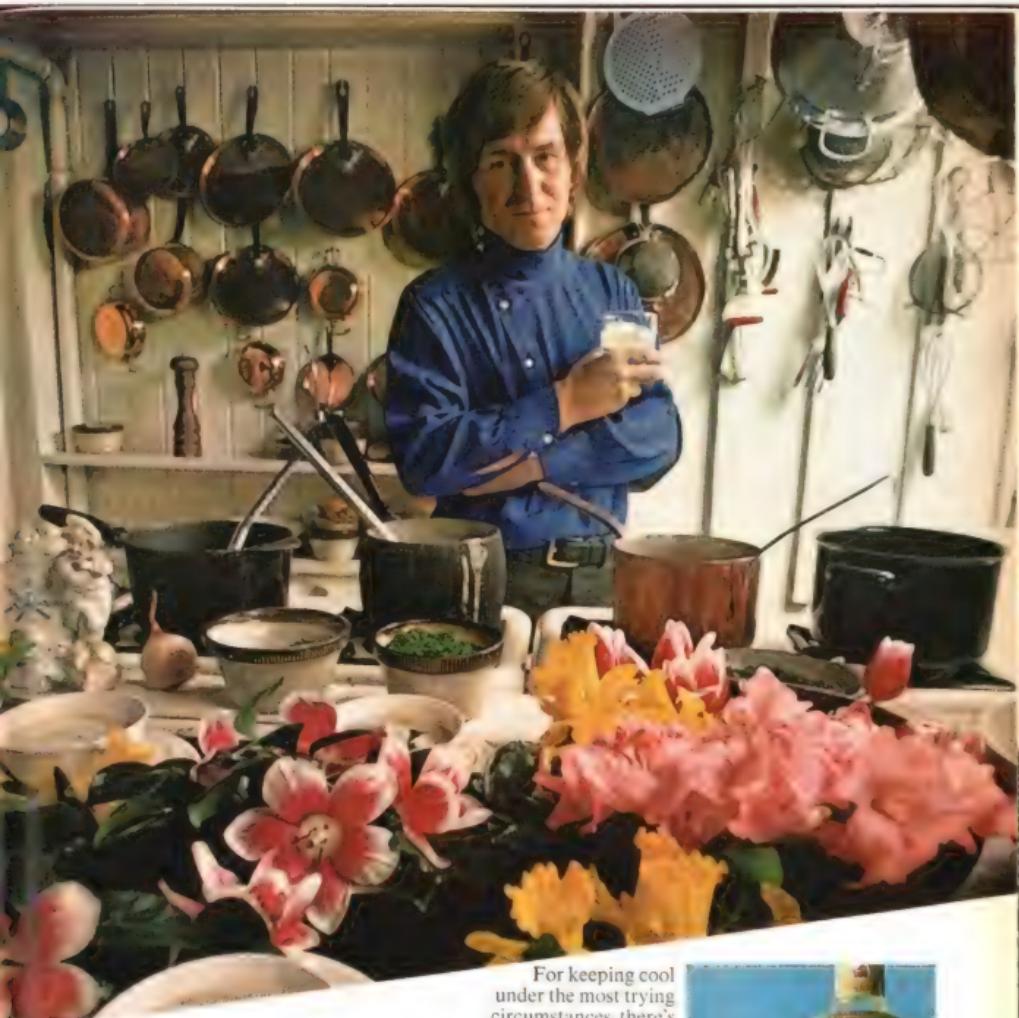
Getting Out of Hand. In McLaren's view, the great "challenge and opportunity for trustbusters" lies in the area

of conglomerate mergers. He charges that his Democratic predecessors, by taking the position that mergers of companies in unrelated businesses were not subject to existing antitrust law, "let the merger movement get clear out of hand." In rapid succession, he has announced actions against three big conglomerates. His trustbusters are contesting Ling-Temco-Vought's takeover of Jones & Laughlin Steel; ITT's acquisition of Canteen Corp. and Northwest Industries' attempt to buy up B. F. Goodrich. Such mergers, McLaren says, are forcing "a radical restructuring" of the economy. The restructuring that he is talking about is not based on valid economic grounds, he contends, but rather on financial considerations. He is confident that the courts will agree with him.

Undeniably, conglomerate mergers have dramatically accelerated the concentration of U.S. industrial power (see Corporations). Yet McLaren's view of them is disputed by many experts on legal grounds, and his ideas stumble on some basic contradictions. While he does not necessarily believe that "bigness is badness," he insists that in the case of conglomerates size alone is potentially anti-competitive. Therefore, he is not likely to miss an opportunity to challenge "giant acquisitions" even if no actual restraint of trade is involved. This action, he believes, would tend to retard such possible abuses of economic power as reciprocity. He fears, for example, that a huge diversified company would be tempted to "systematically use its tremendous purchasing power to make sales" by inducing suppliers to buy its own products.

Taking On More. An outwardly mild-mannered man who likes to insist he is embarrassed by the publicity that he has received ("I don't like running a law office in the public press"), McLaren took his law degree at Yale in 1942. Since then he has spent most of his career specializing in antitrust cases at the Chicago firm of Chadwell, Keck, Kayser, Ruggles and McLaren. As head of the American Bar Association's Antitrust Law Section since 1967, he updated a 1955 report on antitrust activities, and was recommended by his colleagues as an unusually well-qualified candidate for his new job.

When McLaren took over at Justice there was no lack of work on the books: the count of pending antitrust cases alone came to 107. The ambitious 51-year-old trustbuster has been setting a 12-hour-a-day pace in the office, and is not likely to slacken. He plans to increase his staff, which now includes 280 lawyers and 320 other workers, to take on a still larger caseload. He disclaims any interest in defending "established company managements from takeovers." Still, if he gets his way in court, future takeovers in the form of conglomerate mergers are going to be rare indeed.



**"We English are known for
keeping cool.**

**But then, we've had two
centuries of Gordon's Gin."**

Mr. Tom Benson, London Restaurateur

For keeping cool under the most trying circumstances, there's nothing quite like a generous, frosty drink liberally laced with Gordon's Gin.

And as Mr. Benson points out, the English have had the advantage of Mr. Gordon's delectably dry discovery since 1769. (Happy anniversary!) But the word's spreading—Gordon's is the biggest selling gin in England. America, the world!



How a 13 year old
a very peculiar



boy got us to build submarine.

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In 1967, she was shipped to the Aegean. Following a sonar clue, her crew took her down. At 285 feet a shout came up by underwater phone. "It's the wreck!" They had found the ship sunk centuries ago.

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GENERAL DYNAMICS

THE SCANDAL OF BUILDING COSTS

ORGANIZED labor long ago acquired a stranglehold over the \$85 billion construction industry. That power has not only led to an astronomic rise in building wages but has also enabled unions to load the nation's largest industry with archaic and inefficient methods of operation. As a result, construction costs are climbing so swiftly that they are complicating Washington's struggles to increase the supply of housing and restrain inflation. Last week George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, challenged construction-union leaders to adopt reforms. His candor was greeted with boos, jeers and catcalls.

"I want to help you see yourselves as others see you," Romney told 3,000 delegates at a Washington conference of the AFL-CIO Building Trades Department. Then he reeled off the statistics of construction wage settlements which jumped from an average raise of 12.4¢ per hour in 1962 to 49.6¢ per hour last year. The unionists cheered wildly. Next the Secretary admonished them to relax apprenticeship restrictions that deny jobs to Negroes. They boozed. When he urged building workers to increase their productivity, they boozed again. He advised the unionists to end other practices that raise building costs. More boos.

Reddening but unruffled, Romney continued: "There is nothing more vulnerable than entrenched success. The demand for reform is growing. People are already talking about compulsory arbitration in the building trades."

Logging Output. Some of the reasons for such talk are obvious. The cost of housing construction jumped by 10% last year, more than the increase in any other item of family living expenses. Home-building costs went up at

an annual rate of 12% during March, the latest month for which statistics have been compiled. At the same time, U.S. housing output has fallen seriously behind the nation's needs. Last year the U.S. built just under eight houses and apartments for every 1,000 people compared with 16 per 1,000 during 1950, the peak year. On a per capita basis, U.S. housing output has fallen from world leadership to a level below Western Europe, Japan and Russia.

Widening Gap. Including fringe benefits, the average union construction worker now gets paid \$5.91 an hour; in big cities he makes more. Philadelphia carpenters recently won a 23% pay increase, to \$6.85 per hour, to be followed by a further 21% raise next year. Omaha roofers will get a 57% increase over the next two years, and Miami laborers will get a 70% boost over three years. The widening gap between wage rates in construction and manufacturing increases the chances of industrial strikes. Last year construction wage settlements were more than 34 times higher than those in oil, trucking and rubber, and five times the increase won by auto and cannery workers.

In fully unionized "contract construction"—factories, stores, high-rise apartments and highways, which account for two-thirds of the nation's annual building bill—labor takes its biggest bite. Employers have small incentive to resist union demands because they expect to pass on the entire cost to clients. Even when they try to hold the line at the bargaining table, the nation's 870,000 contractors are no match for the power of 3,000,000 building-trade workers, who are tightly organized into 10,000-odd locals by the AFL-CIO's 18 craft unions. Most contractors are too small to operate efficiently and are so meagerly

financed that a long strike can mean bankruptcy; striking workers merely move to high-paying jobs in other cities. Says Frank J. White Jr., executive vice president of the Associated General Contractors of Connecticut: "There is no collective bargaining in construction. They demand and we give."

Closed Ranks. Wages are high partly because of shortages of skilled craftsmen. Local unions deliberately restrict the number of their members. They keep tight control over apprenticeship programs (average length: four years) and force employers to recruit all their workers through union hiring halls. Unions defend their lofty pay and closed ranks by pointing to the seasonal nature of construction. Once convincing, such reasons are now losing their validity. In Chicago, for example, building-trades leaders admit that most of their members work at least 2,000 hours a year.

Another notorious source of needless construction costs is union opposition to prefabricated components. Contractors once thought that the 1959 Landrum-Griffith Act had barred such make-work practices as illegal boycotts of prefabricated parts. In a 1967 decision, however, the Supreme Court upheld a union's right to prevent the use of pre-fitted doors in order to preserve work traditionally done at the site. The ruling has caused wide repercussions. Plumbers refused to install prefabricated heating equipment at a Ford Motor Co. project until they first dismantled and reassembled all the piping at the plant site. A federal appeals court upheld the right of Manhattan sheet-metal workers to refuse to install an air-conditioning part purchased from a Milwaukee firm. The union insisted that the part be manufactured by its own members.

Although public construction constitutes one-third of the industry's total volume, Washington for years has exerted



SKYSCRAPER FOUNDATION WORK IN MANHATTAN

Nothing but catcalls for the candor.



SECRETARY ROMNEY

RJR



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RJR

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no pressure to keep labor's power from boosting the Government's building costs. The Nixon Administration recently acted to strengthen federal mediation machinery by centralizing efforts in Washington to solve construction disputes. But many contractors dismiss the move as trivial.

Pooled Projects. In an interview last week with TIME Associate Editor Gurney Breckenfeld, Romney laid out the dimensions of the difficulties and proposed some remedies. Said Romney: "We have got to tackle housing's cost problems right across the board—labor, land, money and materials."

Romney has been striving to introduce reforms that will cut costs and stimulate efficiency. His most ambitious effort, started earlier this month, is an attempt to reorganize both the Government's housing program and the industry that serves it. He insists that his plan can add between 250,000 and 350,000 units a year to U.S. housing starts, which are limping along at an annual rate of 1,500,000 and have been declining for three months. Named Operation Breakthrough, the plan calls for states and cities to pool their separate, federally subsidized projects into large-scale "mass markets." The Secretary hopes to attract giant corporations into housing construction and to wring economies from volume production. Localities would have to remove building codes, zoning and other barriers that fragment today's housing market, inhibit innovations and raise prices.

AFL-CIO President George Meany derides "people who build houses with their mouths." "Romney," he says, "has a fixation in his mind that you can turn out houses off a factory line like you turn out cars." But factory production of houses and room-sized components is an increasingly successful way to offset rising costs—in areas where unions and local laws allow such industrial methods to be used. U.S. Steel, Boise Cascade, National Homes, Gerdon Industries, Crane Co., Borg-Warner and many other firms have entered the field with ready-to-use rooms, baths or entire house sections.

Opening Up. A considerable overhaul of labor policies molded by the Depression of the '30s is plainly in order. The most urgent need is for the building trades to open ranks and find room for more qualified young men, particularly Negro ghetto dwellers. Toward that end, union hiring halls might be abolished by law and discriminatory apprenticeship requirements sharply reduced. Regional bargaining, such as Ohio contractors have begun, should replace local negotiating.

In many ways, labor's naked show of arrogance toward George Romney reflects a confidence that there is no limit to a contractor's ability to pass on to consumers the soaring costs of construction. Sooner rather than later, the unions may find that they are on a collision course with an aroused public.



step, he devised "the Georgia Plan," which starts with local cleanup drives and leads to high-risk improvement loans.

The plan is well under way in Savannah, where 40 impoverished Negroes have been helped to buy homes and 23 have received loans to begin or expand their own businesses. The bank has also mounted cleanup campaigns in the Negro neighborhoods of Valdosta and Albany, Ga., where thousands of blacks and whites together swept up and carted away hundreds of tons of junk. When the campaign was repeated in Savannah, some 30,000 people showed up to participate. Last week Lane introduced his plan to seven other Georgia cities, including Atlanta.

Discovery in Jamaica. Until recently, Lane, 57, was a political conservative with segregationist sympathies. His dealings with non-U.S. blacks over the last two years, when he helped organize the Jamaica Citizens Bank (49% owned by Citizens & Southern), radically changed his outlook. Back in the U.S., he drove around the slums of his native Savannah and was appalled by what he saw. "It is high time," he said, "that we get around to emphasizing what a person is, not who he is."

The Georgia Plan permits loans even to people who can offer no security at all. To circumvent banking regulations that prohibit such lending, Citizens & Southern set up a subsidiary called Community Development Corp. and capitalized it at \$1,000,000. CDC approves the risky loans and advances the down payment if a customer cannot. Then Citizens & Southern steps in with the balance, and the down payment is handled as part of the total loan. Normal interest rates are charged, but the terms can be adjusted so that the borrower can meet his installments, which are usually no more than the rent he used to pay to a landlord.

No to Whisky. Business loans go only to those who show an ability to manage enterprises that promise to benefit the community. Thus CDC turned down applications for liquor stores and a hippie-trinket shop. Instead, it put Savannah's first Negro used-car dealer into business and financed dry-cleaning shops, groceries, beauty parlors, even a small firm that manufactures porches for mobile homes. Thus far, \$1,000,000 has been distributed in loans ranging from \$2,200 to \$25,000. Another \$1,000,000 went to the biggest slum landlord in Savannah, a Negro. The money will pay for the renovation of dilapidated houses.

Lane is prepared to lend \$15 million in the poor neighborhoods and spend \$1,000,000 a year in cleanup campaigns. He also intends to expand his program far beyond that by seeking such large depositors as the Ford Foundation and converting their money into high-risk loans. "Low-income people need money," says Lane, "and the banks have got to give it to them."

BLACK CAPITALISM Seed Money in Georgia

Much as businessmen talk about the need to help the poor, ghetto betterment projects often seem to generate more rhetoric than results. "Whenever the average businessman has done something, he has done it in a condescending spirit and at a distance, not in a face-to-face partnership," says Mills B. Lane, president of the Atlanta-based Citizens & Southern National Bank. "He likes to sit around and debate, then go write a check to some agency or other."

Lane decided that his bank, the biggest in the Deep South (assets: \$1.5 billion), should become deeply involved in increasing home ownership and black capitalism in deprived areas. As a first



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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Connoisseur of Chaos

"I belong to the generation of Hungarian film directors for whom it was perhaps the hardest to find the way to an artistic self-expression." So admits Miklós Jancsó, one of the oldest and youngest film makers in Hungary. Old, because at 47 he is a political aeronaut away from the newly defiant East European youth. Young, because his reputation is only now emerging from the guarded borders of his homeland.

Though *The Round Up* is Jancsó's fifth feature, it was preceded in America by his sixth, *The Red and the White*.



WHIPPING SCENE IN "THE ROUND UP"
Values as random as bullets.

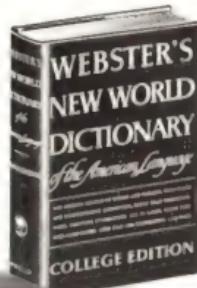
(TIME, Sept. 27). Both reveal a savage irony and a cold, implacable loathing for war—and for the species that causes it. In a sweep of severe, formal landscapes, *The Round Up* recounts the misadventures of roving Hungarian patriots in 1868. With mechanical authority, Austrian troops traverse the nation, rounding up the freedom fighters in an unending search for their leader. Even 100 years ago, captors were instinctively aware that mental anguish was far more effective than the knout or the noose. Alternating terror with false promises, the Austrians turn innocent men against each other. Betrayal becomes the order of the day; dignity and honor are exchanged for the reprieve that never comes.

Sculptor in Soil. In place of a plot, Jancsó exhibits portraits of an embryonic police state, set against a pitiless sky and a plain so vast that it seems to show the curvature of the earth. In his cold eye, war is an aleatory art in which values are as random as bullets. A military band plays an exhilarating march; a moment

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Ever notice?

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION INC.

later the tune is whistled by a doomed man. A woman is run, naked, through a line of whippers; her lover, unable to watch, jumps to his death. Other prisoners follow his example like an audience seeking exits during a fire. "Let's have order here," decrees the commandant, a connoisseur of chaos and a predecessor of the concentration-camp officers who would one day perform the same tasks with greater efficiency.

Perhaps from disdain, perhaps from a remove of age and philosophy, Janesó never ties his story or his sympathies to any main character. To him, all the high cheekbones and fierce mustaches, all the tired, tragic faces are one. The viewer must be content to be disturbed with a vision trained on people but not on persons. Though Janesó is sometimes eclectic, he borrows only from the best, from the wintry compositions of Ingmar Bergman or from Goya's acid *Disasters of War*. At his most original, the director resembles neither film maker nor painter. In his own deep-dimensioned, black and white montages, he seems a sculptor who scrapes his material from the soil of his native land and gives it a cast of permanence.

A Boy, His Bike and His Broad

Angel is a motorcycle bum who has ratted on his gang, the Devil's Advocates, by selling their sordid story to *Like* magazine for ten grand. The Advocates are angry, of course, so they leap aboard their Harley-Davidsons and go roaring off in search of Angel and Laurie, his little bombshell of a broad, who have hidden out in an abandoned house and taken up housekeeping. Soon, the "straight scene" starts to get to them. Angel shaves off his mustache and even gets a job. Laurie cooks his meals and occasionally cleans the place up. It's all too domestic to be true or, for that matter, to last beyond the inevitable moment when the Advocates stumble onto their hideout.

By all conventional standards, such exhaust-pipe theatrics should have been made into an equally predictable film. The result, called *Run, Angel, Run*, is, however, something more than fodder for the teeny-bopper drive-in trade. For all that is patently naive and even painful to watch, there are occasional scenes, such as a dinner-table argument and a tandem ride with some hobos on a fast freight, that have a kind of tough virtue.

Director Jack Starrett and Cinematographer John Stephens pad out their film with lots of repetitive footage of the Advocates barreling up the California coast, but they also pull off a split-screen chase scene that puts *The Thomas Crown Affair* to shame. As Angel and Laurie, William Smith and Valerie Starrett (the director's wife) make up in enthusiasm what they lack in finesse. Angel is obviously and deeply indebted to *Bonnie and Clyde*, and even more to Nicholas Ray's 1949 *They Live by Night*, but anyone who expects a work as accomplished as



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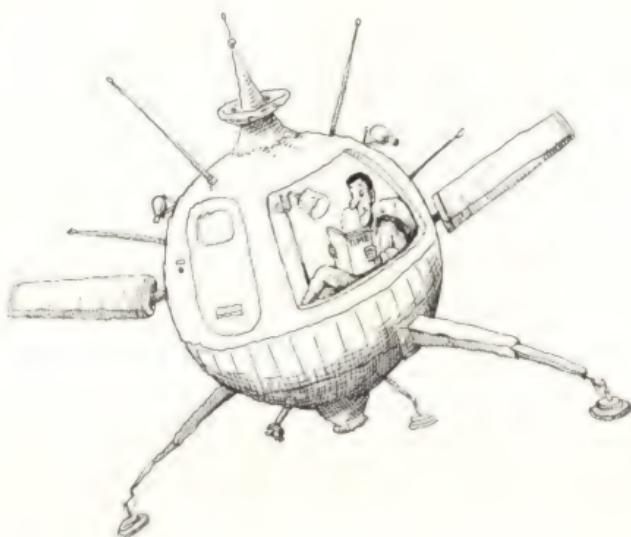
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those will be bitterly disappointed. *Angel* is one of those curious films that surprise and gratify simply because they manage somehow to be better than they should have been.

Cardin Cowpoker

Death of a Gunfighter might have been as good as its actors. As bone-weary Marshal Frank Patch, Richard Widmark is as legitimate and leathery as a saddle. His mistress (Lena Horne) cannot make a move or a speech that is not correct or elegant; her appearance in this symbol-minded film sadly recalls a 13-year absence from Hollywood. Like the High Lama in *Lost Horizon*, Widmark and Horne seem at once endlessly old and miraculously preserved, as if they were waiting for a revelation. *Death of a Gun-*



WIDMARK & HORNE IN "GUNFIGHTER"
Essentially a naive art.

fighter is not it. In a town settling into the 20th century, stallions mix with horseless carriages and Mazda bulbs compete with gaslight. The contrast of periods is minor compared with the clutch of anachronisms offered by the script. Among them: police brutality, strained race relations, the lowly role of the Jew in society, adolescent sex, and finally the message, delivered by the county sheriff: "Frank Patch is your conscience, and you're afraid."

Though the end contains a ritual slaughter, it comes too late to save the project. The western is essentially a naive art. When it tries for sophistication it collapses into self-mockery, like a cowboy dressed by Cardin.

On the Old Camp Ground

"You know what the sheriff's doing back there?" asks a range hand as he watches the lawman dress in drag. "He thinks he's Mary Poppins." In addition to listening to such finely honed dialogue, interested moviegoers can watch Andy Warhol's merry band of junkies,



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MANOIR RICHELIEU

Murray Bay, Pointe-au-Pic, P.Q.
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faggots, transvestites and nymphomaniacs disporting themselves in the master's newest effort, *Lonesome Cowboys*. The idea was a camped-up *Romeo and Juliet* out West. Unfortunately, things get sort of confused, as they have a way of doing with Andy, and the result is a series of dreary, druggy improvisational harangues by such luminaries as Tom Hompertz, Joe Dalleandro and Viva!, the superest Warhol superstar of them all. Now that Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi have passed on, Viva! stands unrivaled as the screen's foremost purveyor of horror. By the simple expedient of removing her clothing, she can produce a sense of primordial terror-severed nightmares removed from any mad doctor's laboratory.

Sex with a Smile

People Meet and Sweet Music Fills the Heart is an unlikely title for an even more unlikely movie. Part parody, part pornography, part romantic melodrama with a musical number or two thrown in for good measure, *People* is a surrealistic practical joke on the audience. Characters contradict themselves, and individual scenes ricochet crazily off one another, effectively destroying most logic and all dramatic continuity. Out of this carefully crafted chaos comes a film that is by turns horrid, arch and gratifyingly funny.

The narrative is more pattern than plot. In a train compartment, a student named Hans (Erik Wedersoe) eyes a blonde dancer (Harriet Andersson) and dreams of his fiancée and his mistress. Suddenly, scenes of the train's pistons pounding are intercut. A title flashes "Could anything be more erotic than a train?" Hans and the dancer have a quick assignation in the W.C. He goes to see his fiancée, who has turned into a whore. She leaves for America with a man whom Hans has recently cuckolded. In a hectic burlesque of Schnitzler's *La Ronde*, every character's dramatic destiny is made improbably interdependent until *People* ends, without resolution, in a mock-sentimental finale.

People was allowed to be imported from Denmark only after *I Am Curious* (Yellow) made it safely through U.S. courts. This is an ironic state of affairs, since *People* could easily be interpreted as a satire on the current vogue for explicit cinematic sexuality. Anyone who watched the two kids coupling on a balcony or in a tree in *Yellow* will surely appreciate the absurd aerobatics of the scene in the train toilet. Writer-Director Henning Carlsen often dwells too long on a single joke or effect, and it might be argued that he shrewdly exploits permissiveness while satirizing it, but such reservations do nothing to diminish *People*'s raucous vitality. After the sociological tedium of *Diamond* and the adolescent eroticism of such other Scandinavian imports as *Inga* and *I, a Woman, Part II*, the jaunty humor of *People* is a welcome relief.

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